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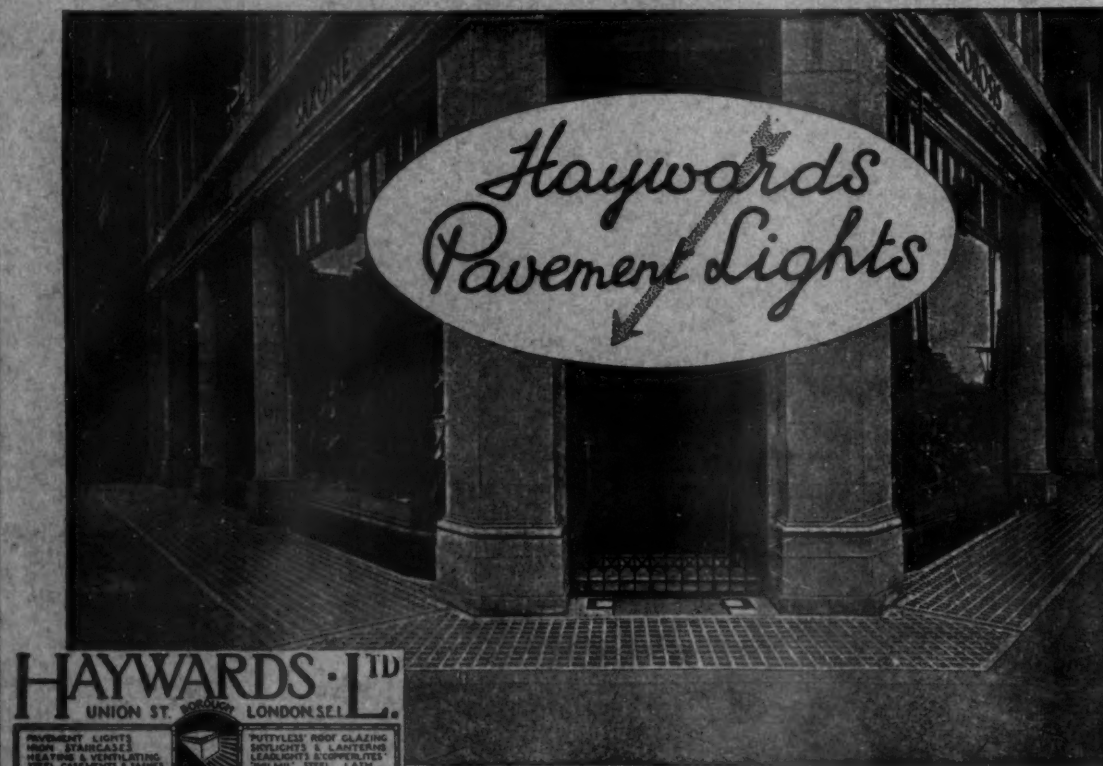
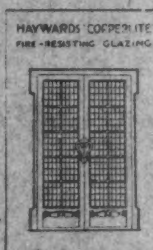
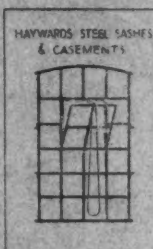
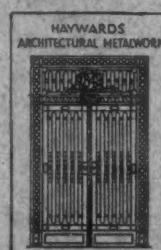
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Plate I.

July 1925.

PARIS, 1925.
Porte de La Concorde.
Patout, Architect.

EXPOSITION INTERNATIONALE DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS ET INDUSTRIELS MODERNES : PARIS : MDCCCCXXV

LE problème architectural n'était pas simple. Pour situer l'exposition au cœur de Paris, embellir ses fêtes du décor mobile de la Seine, on ne pouvait trouver qu'un espace étroit, pour ne pas dire exigü.

L'Esplanade des Invalides et le Cours la Reine n'eussent point été suffisants. On se saisit du Grand Palais, maquillé, selon l'expression des architectes, c'est-à-dire arrangé; le grand hall qui se hérissé annuellement des œuvres des sculpteurs des artistes français, couvert et aménagé en stands. Il y a là un escalier à double révolution qui est sans doute le plus spacieux et le plus commode des escaliers architecturaux de Paris. Il est devenu une série de marches d'accès à un Salon des Fêtes dont la décoration picturale a été confiée à Jaulmes. On ne pouvait mieux choisir.

Ce n'est point que Jaulmes soit supérieur à tout autre peintre français. Mais il est parmi nos grands décorateurs, le plus purement et le plus traditionnellement français. Il songe à l'antique mais aussi au XVIII^e siècle. La leçon de Chassériau qui conciliait la pureté d'Ingres et le mouvement de Delacroix n'a pas été perdue pour lui. Il redoute la pâleur de certaines fresques aux colorations trop adoucies, dans le but de les bien marier à la pierre.

Ajoutez un don de grace, l'art d'encadrer d'un décor nourri, appuyé de formes rectilignes savamment enrubanné et de courbes dans les jeux d'accessoires, des formes sveltes de femmes et de jeunes gens. Il a réalisé un ensemble à la fois simple et somptueux: mois de la moisson, joies de la pêche, fêtes des vendanges.

Peut-on dire que tous les choix de peintres appelés par MM. Bonnier et Plumet, à décorer les pavillons, les cours, les façades, aient été aussi heureux? Il faut renoncer à l'espoir de trouver à l'Exposition des Arts Décoratifs, une sélection de la peinture décorative française.

La place eut manqué. L'école française actuelle est si riche en talents qu'on ne pouvait convoquer tous nos bons artistes. On n'en trouve là que quelques uns. Leur petit nombre, le peu de souci qu'on a eu de leurs contrastes d'exécution, fait croire que leur réunion est davantage un effet du hasard que de la logique.

Néanmoins on peut se plaire beaucoup à regarder la décoration de la Cour des Métiers. Les trois fresques de Guillonnet sont expressives et charmantes.

Les thèmes en sont résolument modernes. Le peintre a traité ses motifs en toute liberté.

Voici un théâtre de l'avenir, la scène de plein pied avec

les spectateurs, parmi lesquels s'avancent, comme des statues qui seraient aussi des papillons diaprés, des danseuses. Voici un palais de la toilette qui semble le hall féérique d'un grand magasin, bien plus vaste que le plus spacieux de nos grands magasins. Le fond en poudroie de foule indistincte et de soleil. Un orchestre bruit du haut d'une loggia. C'est en entendant de belles musiques, que les dames choisissent, de gestes qui se rythment, des affiquets et des robes de soie, de velours et d'or.

A côté, les joies et les plaisirs de la campagne. Guillonnet qui est un beau peintre est aussi un grand jardinier. Il s'est préparé dans un coin agreste de Garches, où les grands arbres ont été ménagés, un jardin petit mais aussi beau que les plus magnifiques de nos palais nationaux. Les corbeilles de fleurs y donnent le plus frémissant tapis magique entouré de hautes colonnades parfumées et mouvantes. C'est ce bel horizon qu'il a donné à la Cour des Métiers. Il y résume le luxe décoratif.

Mais à côté du luxe, en matière d'art décoratif, il y a la préparation industrielle.

Elle devait être représentée.

On a appelé un de nos meilleurs jeunes peintres parmi les plus avancés, les plus audacieux: Barat-Levrault qui évoque sur sa toile la beauté de l'usine et du cours d'eau qui lui donne la lumière et la force, en quelques formes d'une grave sobriété.

Cette Cour des Métiers est ornée de belles sculptures auxquelles Charles Plumet a imposé de petites dimensions. Ici, il a été bon chef d'orchestre; les sculpteurs de sont montré particulièrement intelligents. Il a obtenu un ensemble décoratif. Et voici, par l'ébauchoir de Marque, de Dejean, de Drivier, de Niclausse, etc., tous les métiers représentés dans un de leurs gestes essentiels, la modiste, l'orfèvre, le jardinier, l'ébéniste, d'autres encore, en précieuses statuettes. Ici, la réussite est complète.

Cette réussite de Charles Plumet s'étend à tout son travail de l'Esplanade des Invalides devenue une manière de petit Escorial, librement traité.

La Cour des Métiers est la poignée d'un ensemble de colonnades, soulignées de deux tours d'une excellente proportion, carrées assez massives, pas trop hautes. Les petits pavillons s'encadrent dans la ligne générale, séparés par d'immenses corbeilles florales ou les jardiniers de la Ville de Paris font merveille.

C'est une des gloires de Paris que ses jardins. Ses architectes-paysagistes et leurs auxiliaires techniques, les jar-

diniers, sont de premier ordre. Partout ils ont disposé des ensembles verdoyants très agréables, centrés de fontaines, égayés de sculptures, souvent bien choisies.

Dans ce coin du pavillon de la Ville de Paris, cette tête de Faunesse souriante, en pierre, sur une stèle de pierre crevassée et ravinée, évoque un aspect d'allée ombreuse et solitaire du parc de Versailles. C'est une belle œuvre d'André Abbal, le rénovateur de la taille directe.

En ce seul point trois fontaines, les Cygnes traités en un large modèle très solide et pittoresque, de Courtois.

La fontaine du rire de Moreau-Vauthier, un des sculpteurs français les plus audacieux et les plus modernistes. Il a étudié le rire communicatif chez un des hommes qui ont le plus fait rire les Parisiens de notre époque, le chanteur Dranem. Cette étude documentée du rire, il l'a transporté sur un masque et un corps de faune qui s'esclaffe, et le rire semble fuser en perles d'eau vive, de la chevelure, du torse, de la grimace du faune.

Là une petite fontaine païenne de Mars Vallett et on aperçoit entre les arbres, près du joli mas provençal décoré extérieurement de fresques par Mathieu Verdilhan, le svelte fontaine d'Aronson, un grand et joli corps de jeune fille; tout près, dans le pavillon-jardin des Alpes-Maritimes, l'élégante vasque bleue de Germaine Fougère, et la fontaine de Proudshinsky, œuvre de belle sculpture, avec son petit faune incliné vers le miroir de l'eau, écartant un chevreau qui voudrait, en buvant, en ternir la pureté.

Dans cet espace du Cours la Reine et des Champs-Élysées, majestueusement délimité par les grandes portes d'André Ventre et de Patout, le Grand-Palais n'écrase pas. Tout de même il commandait les vastes dimensions de ces portes. André Ventre a eu là l'occasion de démontrer encore une fois, sa largeur de style, La porte de Patout encadre bien la silhouette de la statue de femme dorée qu'a érigée Louis De Jean.

Ces belles portes monumentales contribuent à l'accent architectural de l'Exposition.

* * * * *

Les architectes devaient éviter l'aspect : Foire de Paris.

D'un autre côté, ils devaient songer à la couleur de l'Exposition et conserver quelque peu l'aspect forain.

Ils savaient que l'initiative individuelle, allait selon ses convenances, hérissier l'exposition de petits pavillons disparates.

Sur ce point, ils ne pouvaient que laisser faire. Des artistes, tels que les Perret, modelant leur style sur les matériaux nouveaux, devaient s'y coudoyer avec des architectes fervents de formules moins neuves. Le hasard a été bon prince.

Il faut admettre que tout cet ensemble a été fait pour être vu parmi la beauté de l'été, le soleil dorant les staffs, les marbres, les bois de couleur, les ciments couleur de grès rose, les enluminures violentes, le revêtement écarlate du pavillon tchéco-slovaque, les bois clairs du pavillon japonais, la pagode hollandaise, la basilique italienne, le beau pavillon majestueux de l'Angleterre, le poste-vigie des Soviets.

Toutes ces simplicités et tous ces éclats s'harmonisent à merveille dans l'été de Paris.

Les architectes ne pouvaient recommencer la parure de Seine de l'Exposition de 1900, avec sa rue des Nations, qui faisait des bords du fleuve comme un éblouissant et précieux bazar architectural, avec des aboutissements logiques et des présentations solides de tous les styles nationaux. Au moins, y ont-ils réuni un ensemble gai de grêles colonnettes, de balcons ajourés, de péniches ornées et maquillées, aux coques camouflées, en aspect de guinguettes de luxe et qui prennent leur valeur les soir de fête nautique. La lumière, l'eau, les vibrations du soir, les transparences de matière donnent les effets prévus par les grands décorateurs, tels Lalique, dont la fontaine de verre, près de la Cour des Métiers, reflète si heureusement la beauté diverse des heures et les joies de transparence de la lumière du jour et des feux du soir.

* * * * *

Cette Exposition vient à son heure.

Il y a, chez tous les peuples, un élan vers la beauté. L'effort d'un William Morris, en Angleterre, d'un Bracquemond ou d'un Gallé, en France, pour expliquer que la beauté plastique est ample et diverse, qu'elle n'est pas nécessairement incluse dans un tableau ou une statue ou une tapisserie, qu'elle peut fleurir le moindre objet, qu'il est utile que les gens vivent parmi des meubles de proportion simple et élégante, ces efforts ont porté leur fruit.

Un intérieur bourgeois d'il y a trente ans, ne comportait point d'œuvre d'art : mauvais tableaux, chromolithographies, meubles lourds et partout pareils.

Il n'est point de demeure actuellement où un peu d'art ne fleurisse et la valeur de la vie s'augmente, si le regard est parfois charmé. Le goût public s'est émancipé. Il était l'esclave du conveau. Maintenant, il va à l'audace, parfois à la témérité. Mais qu'importe un peu d'excès sur des principes justes.

Parfois, souvent, l'exécution par l'industrie diminue la valeur du modèle.

Mais les meilleurs décorateurs du passé, n'ont-ils pas eu à regretter que leurs mobiliers, leurs céramiques, leurs verreries, leurs tapis, ne pouvant se fabriquer dans de larges proportions, le petit nombre de spécimens qu'ils en pouvaient créer, demeuraient d'un prix inabordable.

Les stands nombreux foisonnent de jolis objets et affirment la démocratisation logique de la beauté.

La valeur des expositions des écoles professionnelles démontrent que les artistes-artisans recommencent à savoir leur métier C'était le voeu d'un Morris, le voeu d'un Rodin, le voeu d'un Bracquemond.

Cette exposition démontre le succès de leurs esthétiques.

Elle prouve aussi que les architectes peuvent en peu de temps édifier au cœur des capitales, un beau palais de fêtes, varié, diapré, logique, pittoresque et donner aux foules, des après-midis de clarté pittoresque et des soirs de féeries lumineuses.

GUSTAVE KAHN.

A General View.

With Photographs specially taken for THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW
by Fred Boissonnas, 12 Rue Boissy-d'Anglas, Paris.

THESE is a common fallacy that comparisons are odious. They are, to those who like to live in the world of illusion, and to the drones to whom explanations are odious. But to those who seek reality, comparisons are necessary, stimulating, and decisive, however wild. Therefore, without more ado, I propose to compare Paris with Wembley. For, though they differ in a hundred ways, one of their fundamental purposes is the same: to attract as many millions of ordinary men and women as possible.

The Exhibition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Arts in Paris scores over Wembley at once for place. It will take you half an hour to get to the Great Racer, but in five minutes you can command your four-franc seat on the Course de Paris; for there is no tiresome train journey to complete. On the contrary, you merely have to walk across the *Place de la Concorde*, where ten mammoth yellow piers, grouped upon a gilt statue, proclaim the exhibition (Plate I), which, by the way, is even yet unfinished.

Though not the main entrance (which lies under the *Grand Palais*), this is the natural way of approach from the neighbourhood of the Opéra; and as you leave the *rue Royale* the view of the great pylons shouldering above the trees is good. The Parisian ought to be grateful for their frank modernism in a spot where another triumphal arch would presume on his good nature.

Within the entrance lies the *Cours la Reine*, an exquisite avenue of trees, either side of which is flanked by pavilions or gardens. To the right lies the pavilion called *Le Ville de Paris* (Fig. 11) amongst gardens, statues, and fountains (Figs. 8, 10 & 12); and to the left, half-screened by the foliage, the various foreign exhibits, including those of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Poland, and Belgium; and, in addition, the pavilion of Provence (Fig. 16). To the left again is the river.

Now these trees have a purpose. And since they existed before the exhibition the fact that they have a purpose must be laid to the credit of the architects-in-chief, MM. Bonnier and Plumet, who presumably disposed the plan on the Mahomet-mountain principle. Their purpose is this: they entirely prevent the buildings behind them from being seen. No spirit of unseemly and cynical levity dictates these words. On the contrary it is profoundly true that nine exhibitions out of ten would profit out of all knowing by trees. For it is the nature of exhibitions to be heterogeneous and composed of loose ends, and trees will cover a quantity of sins in a cloud of green. Consider for a moment, what is



1. THE PORTE D'HONNEUR AND THE ENTRANCE PLACE.

In the middle distance on the right of the *Place* can be seen first, the Italian, then the English Pavilion. The *Grand Palais* is on the extreme right, and the *Pont Alexandre III* with its shops on the left. One of the pylons of the bridge can be seen beside the British Pavilion.

behind this avenue. There is a graceful bizarre Austrian building, all in white (Figs. 13 & 15); a red-brick Dutch house fronted by a water garden (Fig. 9); a rather successful Czechoslovakian extravaganza clothed in enormous crimson glazed tiles (Fig. 14); a sweet Swedish temple which discovers with exquisite nicety a modern form within a traditional convention; charming in its naturalness and simplicity (Plate II); a Russian pavilion composed cubistically of plate glass and steel (Fig. 5); a Polish building (Fig. 7); a Swiss,

a Turkish, a Yugo-Slav, and a Chinese. Picture them side by side, discovered to the eyes; then be grateful for the trees.

Indeed, you have only to walk a little farther to become acquainted with the meaning of a medley when it is unconcealed. For the *Cours la Reine* is bisected at right angles by the main axis of the exhibition, exactly at the *Porte d'Honneur* (Figs. 1 & 2), forming a small *place* round which are disposed four of the principal foreign pavilions: Belgium, Japan, Italy, and Great Britain. The effect is not encouraging. While the Belgian and Japanese pavilions spar in a spineless way, the Italian and British take the gloves off in earnest. One has the appearance of a mausoleum built by a speculative builder in readiness for the death of a Fascist demagogue; the other comes hot from the Architectural Association pantomime; and appears incomplete without the full A.A. Beauty Chorus *rampant* on the front step. In addition, the Italian building towers above the exhibition in the most grotesque way, dwarfing the poor little British pavilion, which suffers as a result: a really bad piece of exhibition architecture, it is built in the most costly and solid thin gilded bricks, and is said to have ruined the Italian Government. It can be seen distantly in Fig. 1.

Perhaps the British pavilion, alone amongst those of the foreign nations, fails to reveal its nationality; so palpably fails that it has succeeded in attracting attention to Great Britain. Even the Italian mausoleum has a strong national flavour, but it is safe to say that no stranger would associate the British name with the British pavilion, though the Union Jack, which hangs to the yard arm, looks not so unhappy as one would suppose in this gay company. The fact is we have never before built a true *exhibition* building. The pavilions in the Palace of Industry at Wembley, for which we are indebted to Sir Lawrence Weaver's determination, started a new era in our conception of exhibition architecture. And the building of Easton and Robertson goes a bit farther. A criticism will be found in another part, so



2. THE PORTE D'HONNEUR.

Designed by Henry Favier and André Ventre.

The Entrance to the Exhibition lies between the *Grand Palais* and the *Petit Palais*; it was therefore essential that the *Porte d'Honneur* should not be so big as to vie with either, or so modern as to create a discord. It was thus necessary to be more circumspect than at the *Porte de la Concorde*. It is planned in a zig-zag so that the piers are seen always in perspective, and is the colour of aluminium. The sculptured panels, representing labour, are by Navarre.

this is not the place to say more. But there can be no doubt that the British pavilion is of significance in our exhibition history.

Though the space round which these buildings are grouped forms the entrance *place*, it is also the bridge-head of the *Pont Alexandre III*. Hence the main avenue now leaps the river, which separates the foreign exhibits on this side from the French on the other; running as far as the *Invalides*, whose dome closes the prospect, like the face of a great noble at the end of a lane of flunkies. There are shops on the bridge enclosed in a street block by Dufrène, which neither retires nor obtrudes; having distracted attention from the shops to itself, it reddens awkwardly, or so it seems, when it feels your scrutiny. A difficult piece to handle, this bridge; at any rate the problem has evaded the solution.

With many of the other French designs, one is left equally dissatisfied, for they make little effort to solve the problems of modern construction; they do not even pose them. They are content to be witty and unexpected, to be modern in an old-fashioned sense. One has the feeling that they make good drawings surrounded by the arty futurisms dear to a certain school of modernists—the trees elongated or drooping, tubs of conventionalized flowers, a black or a white sky, and all the rest of it. But surrounded by Nature, and by Paris, they fall rather flat. The Ruhlmann pavilion, called

the *Pavillon du Collecteur*, is perhaps the best French building (Fig. 22). It is suggestive, and plastic. The Sèvres pavilion, with its large pots, is another simple essay, and there are scattered about many graceful fountains and pieces of sculpture. The great towers are the worst. The Staircase of Honour in the *Grand Palais* is the finest thing in the place.

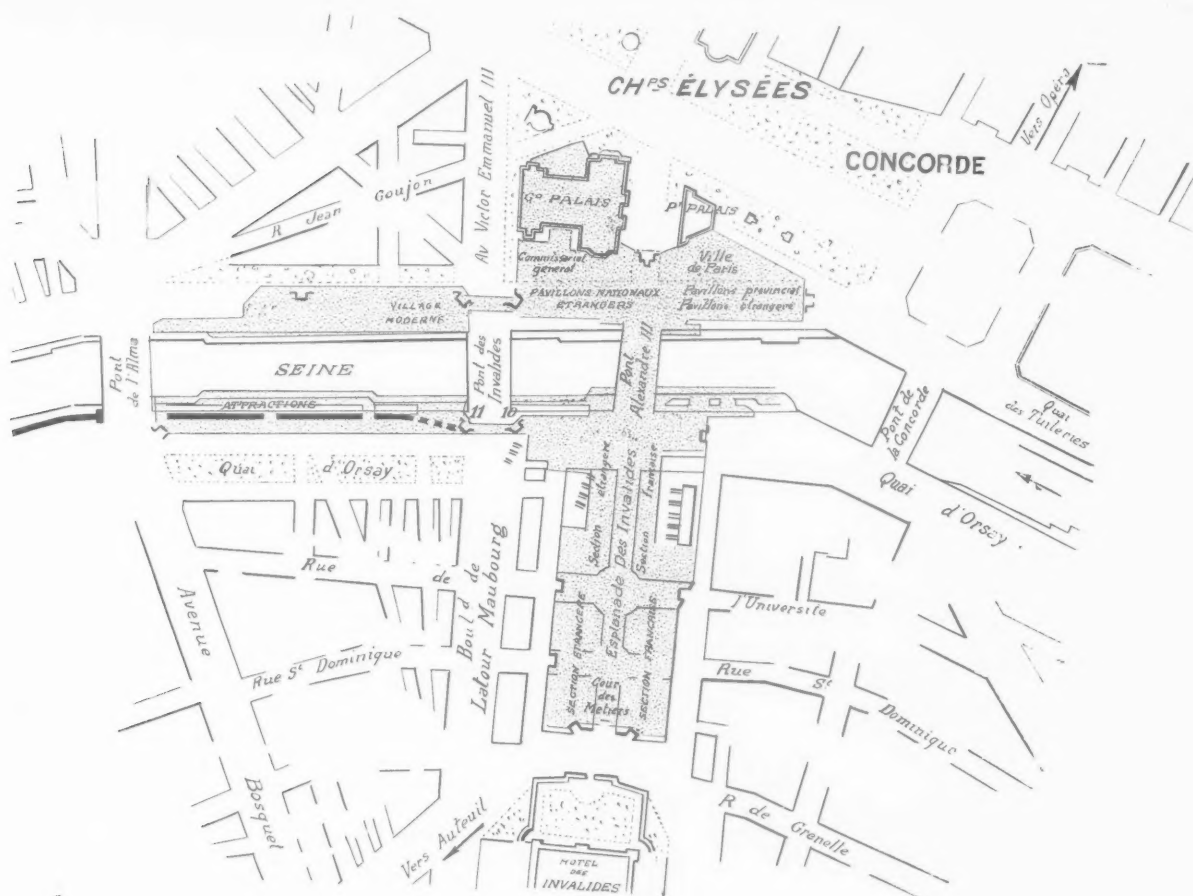
Yet, if in detail, the exhibition lacks purpose and simplicity, in general it is admirably assured. The lay-out is simple, to a certain extent compressed, and dominated not by the main avenue, or by *Les Invalides*, which crowns the vista, or by the *Grand Palais*, but by the river. This is as it should be, for the river adds that air of gaiety which is the breath of an exhibition; for an exhibition may be anything but dull. Unreasonable, revolutionary, fantastic it may be, but once it is dull it has failed. Thus, since the river, in its nature as water, can never be really dull, it is an asset of importance here. One cannot conceive the exhibition without it. Indeed, the French have not left it at that; they have played a trick with the bridge and the river which I will now describe.

At night, when the whole place is a blaze of lights, the bridge becomes a waterfall (Figs. 30 & 32). By a series of hidden pipes the water pours from both flanks of the bridge upon the river, lit till it is like fire. At the same time a great



3. THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES.

A general view of the French portion of the exhibition, taken from a point near the Pont Alexandre III. In the foreground lies the Sèvres Pavilion, and in the background the dome of the Invalides.



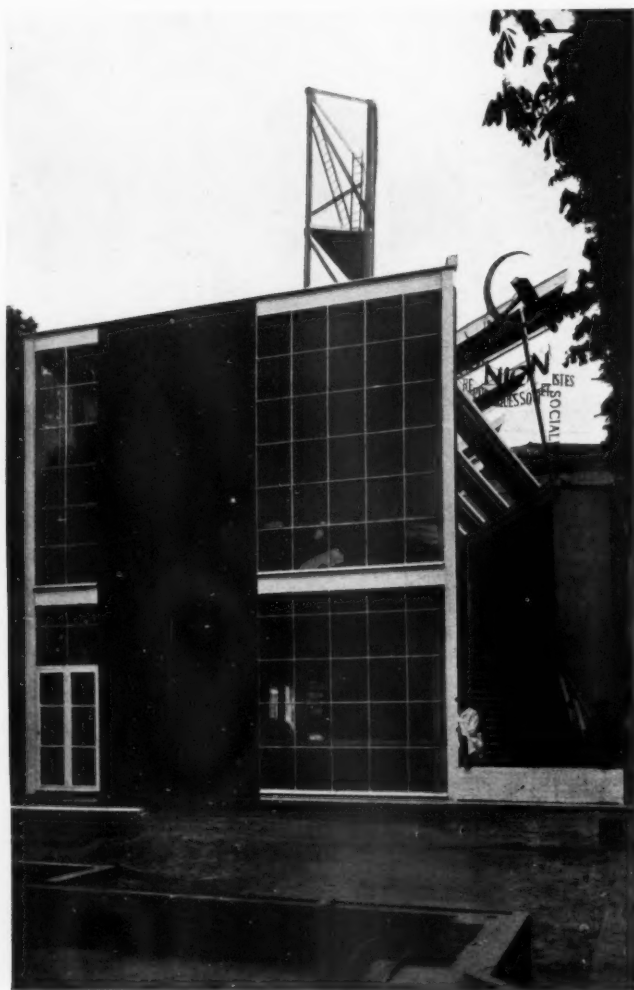
4. A PLAN OF THE EXHIBITION.

The site of the exhibition is marked by the stippled area.

fountain plays in the centre of the *Seine*, now leaping clean up into the black sky, now scattering in a cascade innumerable sprays of glittering drops, which make a fine rain upon the dark river. And there is the music of the water falling and falling. Here is a show, spectacular, even vulgar, which has nothing that is not common to fireworks, unless it be the subtlety of the water itself. Yet what a piece of imagination. It appeals, darkly and vividly, to the primitive appetite for grandeur of the human beings who, night by night, hang all across the bridge and against the river wall. The whole place is fairer at night for night, like the trees, hides and unifies. The illumination is done well, throwing up simple and impressive masses where daylight would reveal a cheap ornament or a thoughtless moulding (Fig. 31). Even the great towers discover some meaning, and the ten pylons at the *Concorde* entrance stand like a sign from God, portentous of the future, in the midst of a heedless Paris.*

But what of Wembley? In treating of Wembley, where there is much to criticize, it is too common to take its greatness for granted. Therefore, let us admit first of all that Wembley is superhuman. Having made this admission, let us proceed to quibble. Wembley, then, is too vast. It is too diffuse; as though the congregation of such a host of activities

* See p. 33.



5. THE PAVILION OF THE SOVIET.†

Designed by Konstantin Melnikoff.



6. THE PAVILLON DU TOURISME.

Designed by R. Mallet-Stevens.
A study in concrete construction.

had exhausted the creative energies of its constructors. Build it in a forest, and it had been superb, but all this flat plain of scattered houses is a torture. The Paris exhibition is very far from immaculate, but it has a compactness which Wembley lacks. And this is not a matter of size, or of site, but of form. In both size and site, it is true, the French have the advantage; their exhibition is not only smaller by far, and less complex, but it is built upon a ground covered in trees, laid out with roads, and even enriched by a fine bridge (a highly doubtful benefit, by the way). Their superiority does not lie here. It lies rather in their more sensitive conception of the significance of space. To them space is finite, but to us it is infinite, and that is the whole difference. That explains why there is orchestration at Paris and not at Wembley. And it explains why, when you enter the *Porte d'Honneur* you are in the exhibition, and why, at Wembley, you have to walk in a semi-circle round a quarter of a mile of gardens before you start on the Processional Way.

In making distinctions it is natural to exaggerate. I do not mean to suggest that the Paris exhibition is a triumph of orchestration, for though it is compacter than Wembley, one craves an economy still more intensive. For example, after it has crossed the *Pont Alexandre III* the main avenue strikes what might be called the Wembley note (Fig. 3). The broad white roadway unrelieved by trees is a desert lined by white hutments, whose squatness accentuates its width. It is unpleasing. One feels instinctively that one is tired, that one does not want to go down there. This is due

THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN DECORATIVE AND INDUSTRIAL ARTS.



Plate II.

THE SWEDISH PAVILION.

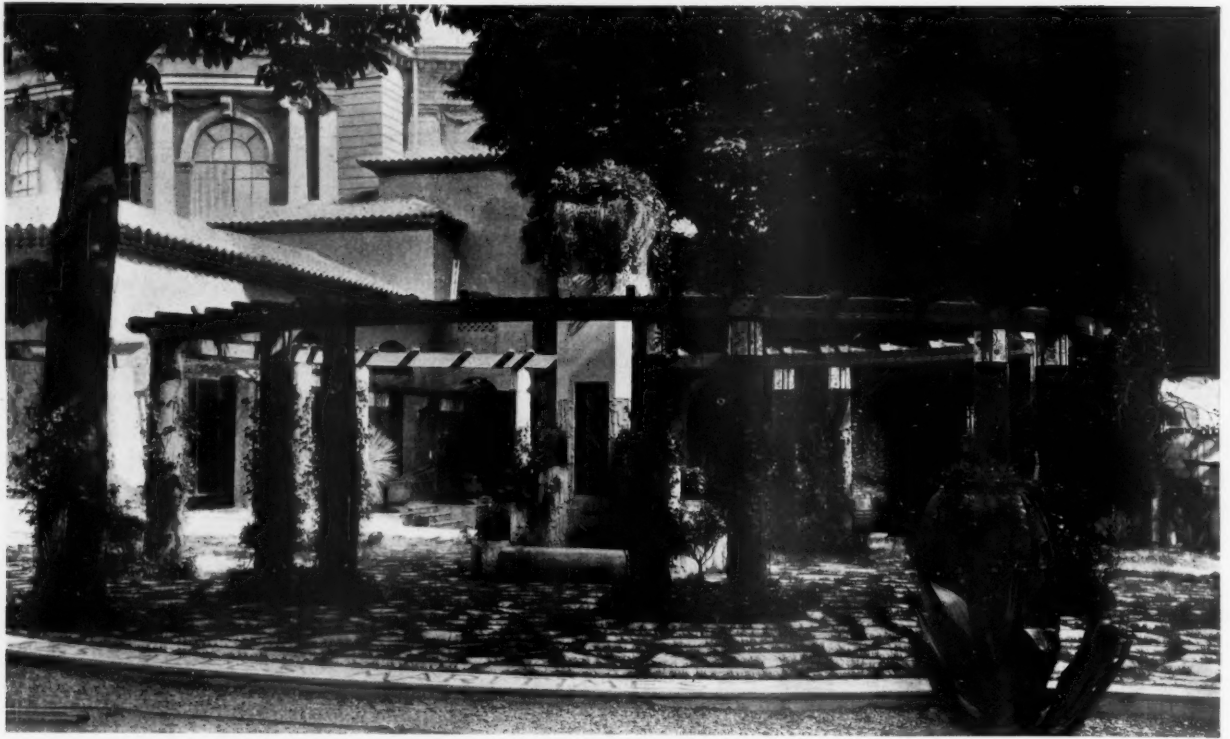
Carl. S. Bergsten, Architect.

The majority of the foreign exhibits are enclosed in this avenue, the *Cours la Reine*, and are covered on both sides by trees. On the right runs the roadway, and on the left the river. The French exhibits lie on the other side of the Seine.

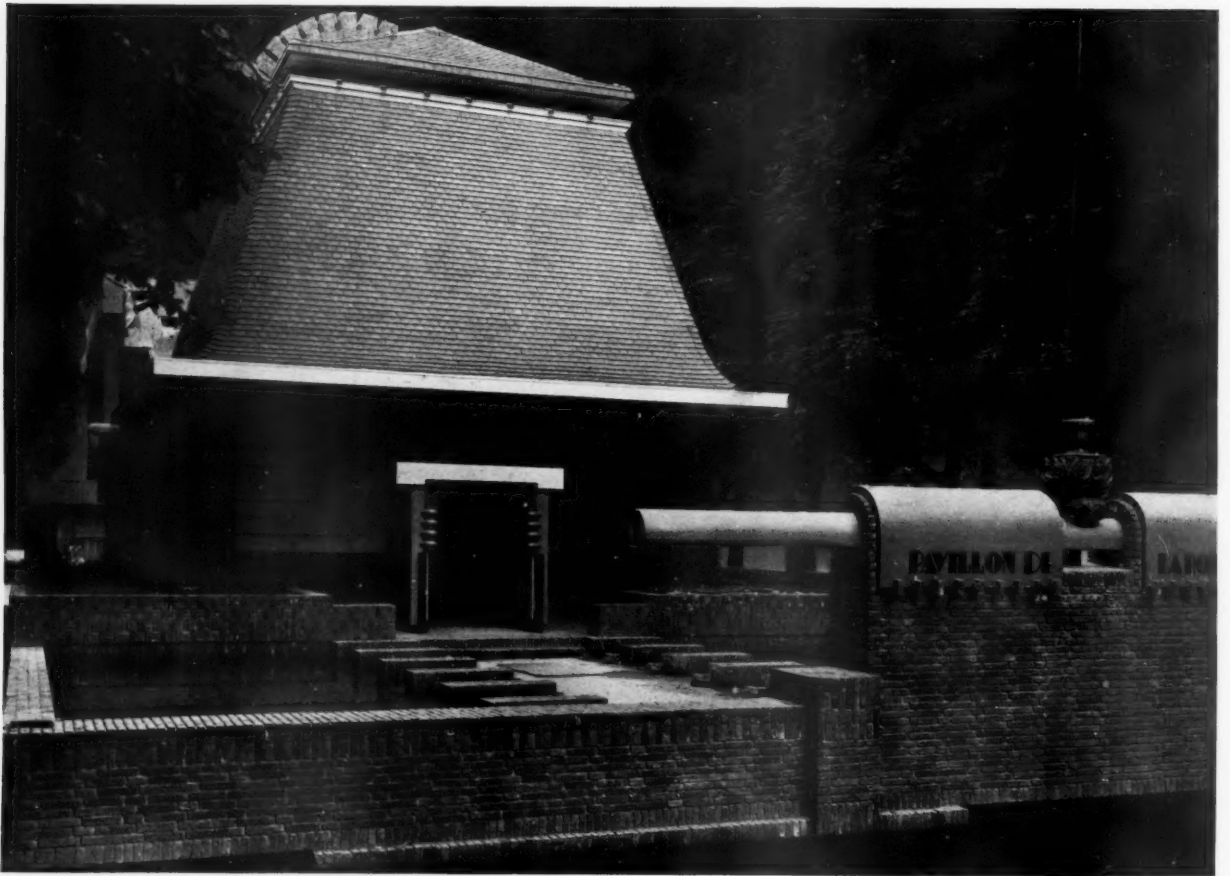
July 1925.



7. IN THE ATRIUM OF THE POLISH PAVILION.
Designed by Joseph Czajkowski. Henri Kuna, Sculptor.

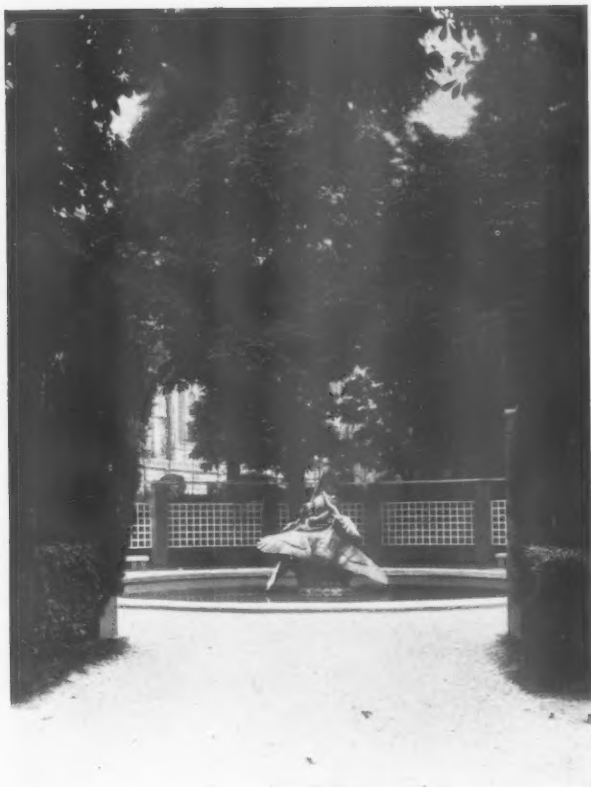


8. A GARDEN IN THE *COURS LA REINE*.



9. THE DUTCH PAVILION: "A MODERN HOUSE."

Designed by J. F. Staal.



10. THE FONTAINE DES CYGNES.
By Marcel Loyau.



11. THE VILLE DE PARIS.
Designed by Roger Bouvard, André Vincent, Six, and Labreuil.



12. THE GARDEN OF THE VILLE DE PARIS.



13. THE AUSTRIAN PAVILION.

Designed by Joseph Hoffmann.



14. THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN PAVILION.

Designed by M. A. Bens.

partly to bad punctuation, in that the commas, in the shape of the pylons at each end of the bridge, and the colon, in the shape of the Sèvres pavilion, are inadequate to carry the load of the sentence as far as the full stop, which is the dome of the *Invalides*. And in this connection, let it be said that the *Porte d'Honneur* is also far too weak to make either an effective entrance or a focal point, since, from the other end of the avenue nought can be seen but trees in a distant quarter of Paris. But given the weak punctuation, the fatigue which this place engenders can be attributed with greater accuracy to the fact that there is too much width in proportion to height; in other words, there is too much room. The French have not only failed to effect an *ensemble*, which, indeed, has never yet been effected at any exhibition except, possibly, at Gothenburg; they have fallen into the error of giving themselves plenty of room.

The fact of the matter is, room in an exhibition is not required. The conception of an exhibition as a broad avenue, a noble vista, and a triumphal arch is in danger of becoming academic. As a reaction from intolerable muddle it is admirable, but as a religious dogma it is surely a heresy. For is it not essential first to take into consideration the fundamental purpose of an exhibition; that is to amuse your public? A happy public is the only valid symptom of success, and, given an attractive display, you can ensure this condition only as long as you guard against one evil, the main and deadly foe of all exhibitions—physical fatigue.

It is fatigue that has beaten Wembley. By all means have your broad avenue, your noble vista, your triumphal arch, if you can reconcile these with absence of physical fatigue, but that is the condition which must govern the design.

Fatigue, of course, may grow from boredom; that is to say, it may be a spiritual product also. But we are taking it that there is no question of boredom, yet there still remains the danger of exhaustion produced in the visitor by sheer physical over-exertion. It is customary to provide for this by seats and cafés, but a much more sensitive reading of the problem is wanted. Over and above his ability to plan economically, the architect, as an artist capable of expression through his medium, ought to find it within his means by suggestion to *make* people sit down. A little thought will suggest various means by which this can be done, but it certainly cannot be done by the current device of making people pay for their seats; many true English men and women would rather drop in their tracks than suffer the mental torture of eluding the ticket collector. Is it necessary to add that physical fatigue and mental fatigue, produced by over-exertion and boredom, interact; or that over-exertion will kill mental vigour; or, conversely, that mental exhilaration will overcome fatigue? Of this last case, as it happens, there is a fine example in the Staircase of Honour at the *Grand Palais*, which is vast of its kind. Yet, because the handling of the design is masterly, the visitor finds no fatigue in ascending and descending the innumerable stairs.



15. THE AUSTRIAN PAVILION.
Designed by Joseph Hoffmann.



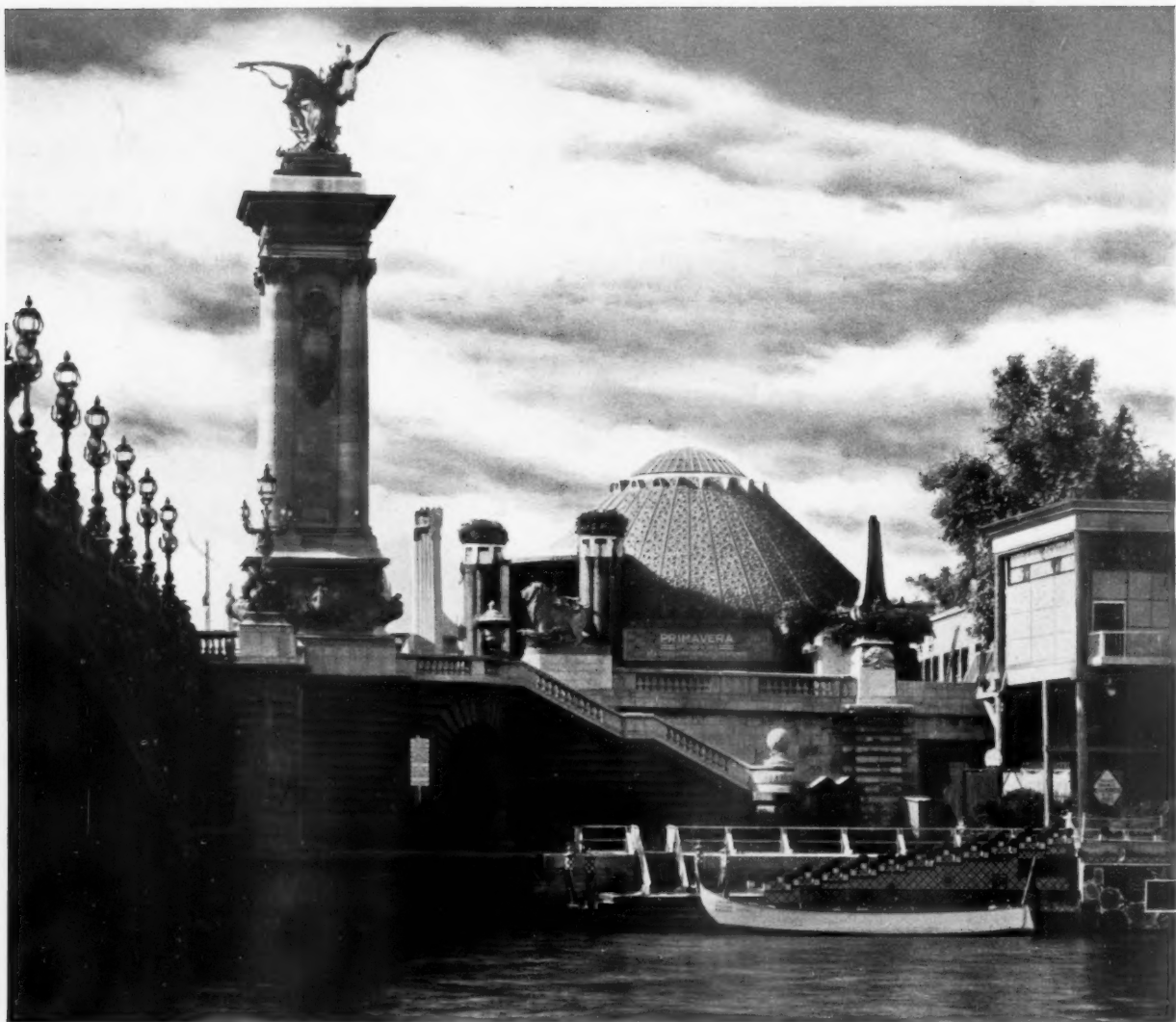
16. PROVENCE.
Designed by Jean Lair.



17. THE BRITISH PAVILION.
Seen from the French side of the river.



18. SUE ET MARE.
The pavilion of a firm of *ensembliers*.



19. THE RIVER, FROM THE BRITISH PAVILION.
A photograph taken from the opposite point of view to that in Fig. 17. In the centre can be seen the roof of *Pavillon Primavera*.



20. THE SEVRES PAVILION.

Composed of two buildings divided by a garden and surrounded by colossal Sèvres pots about fifteen feet high.



21. THE SÈVRES PAVILION.

Designed by Patout. Architects in chief, Patout and Ventre.



22. THE PAVILLON DU COLLECTIONNEUR.

Designed by Pierre Patout. With a frieze by Joseph Bernard, and a group "À la Gloire de Jean Goujon" by Jeannot.

His mind is so stimulated by the exalted forms of the architecture that he leaves the place refreshed rather than jaded. It is this which Monsieur Gustave Kahn implies on page 1 when he says, "Il y a là un escalier à double révolution qui est sans doute le plus spacieux et le plus *commode* des escaliers architecturaux de Paris." Thus good art overcomes the problem without taking it into account. But the fact remains that the problem exists, and is in general ignored.

When all has been said about the Paris Exhibition it is possible, even probable, that the lesson which it sets out to teach will have been entirely forgotten. For the interest which an exhibition inspires will generally obscure its motive. The motive here, however, is too important to ignore, and is suggested in the title by the word *International*. Every country has its own line of business in which it excels, runs the argument. Therefore, why should the world not pool its resources so that A, in England, may know where to get the pottery he wants, or the glass, or the furniture. A second thought is: let us see whether there is a modern art; let us see where it stands to-day. And a third is: art will henceforth become more and more international in form, less and less national.

With regard to the second thought it is quite clear that a modern expression has arrived. If we contemplate jazz music, French furniture and painting, Swedish architecture, dress design, interior decoration, literature—whatever way

we look we see new expressive forms taking over the emotional intention of old. The process is slow, but inevitable. Convalescence begins to set in after the distemper of the war, and vitality grows. The Paris exhibition may be taken as a gesture for modern international art.

But, modern international art apart, there is altogether another lesson which Paris can teach us. It was suggested above that there exists a divergence in the French and the English views of space; how the French mind unconsciously understands it as finite, and the English as infinite. We can learn here from the French if we will; from their conviction of the preciousness of space, from their exquisite apprehension of the importance of form in space, and the play of form upon form. It is a sense we lack. And it is this sense which is responsible for the French instinct to concentrate upon the *ensemble*. Even the bad French buildings in the exhibition are marked out from the foreign, the Swedish included, by their much more nervous insistence upon the significance of form. Their contempt for sentimental association is vast. Compare them with the British pavilion, and you perceive at once the astonishing difference between the classic immaculate French temperament and the English, with its romantic and unsubstantial diffuseness and its richness. The French do not give a button for by-play, for detail, for atmosphere, for suggestive piece of colour; they reach with passionate and ruthless determination towards finality, finding satisfaction only in the inevitable *ensemble*.

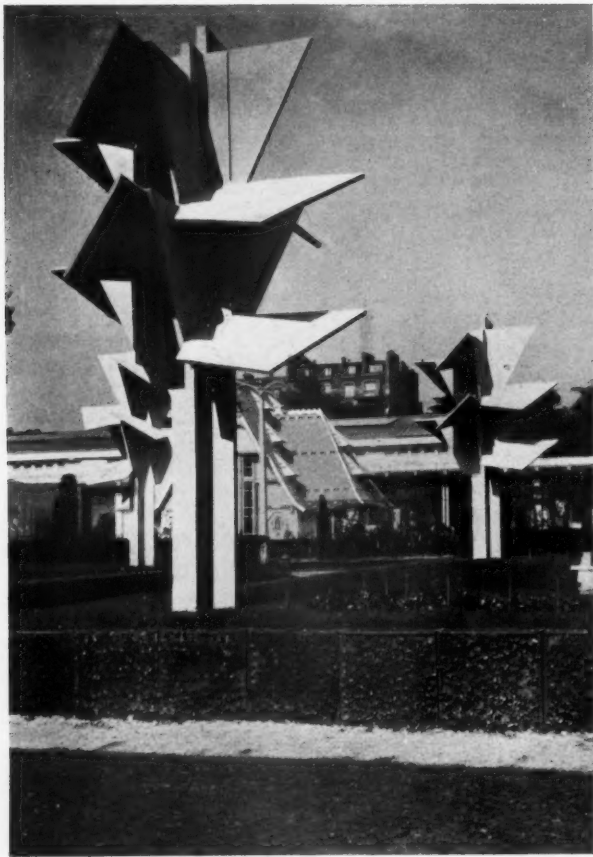
H. DE C.



23. THE LOUVRE.
Designed by A. Laprade.



24. CRÉS ET CIE.
Designed by Hiriart, Tribout, and Beau. A Biberstein, Sculptor.



25. TREES.
By Rob Mallet-Stevens.



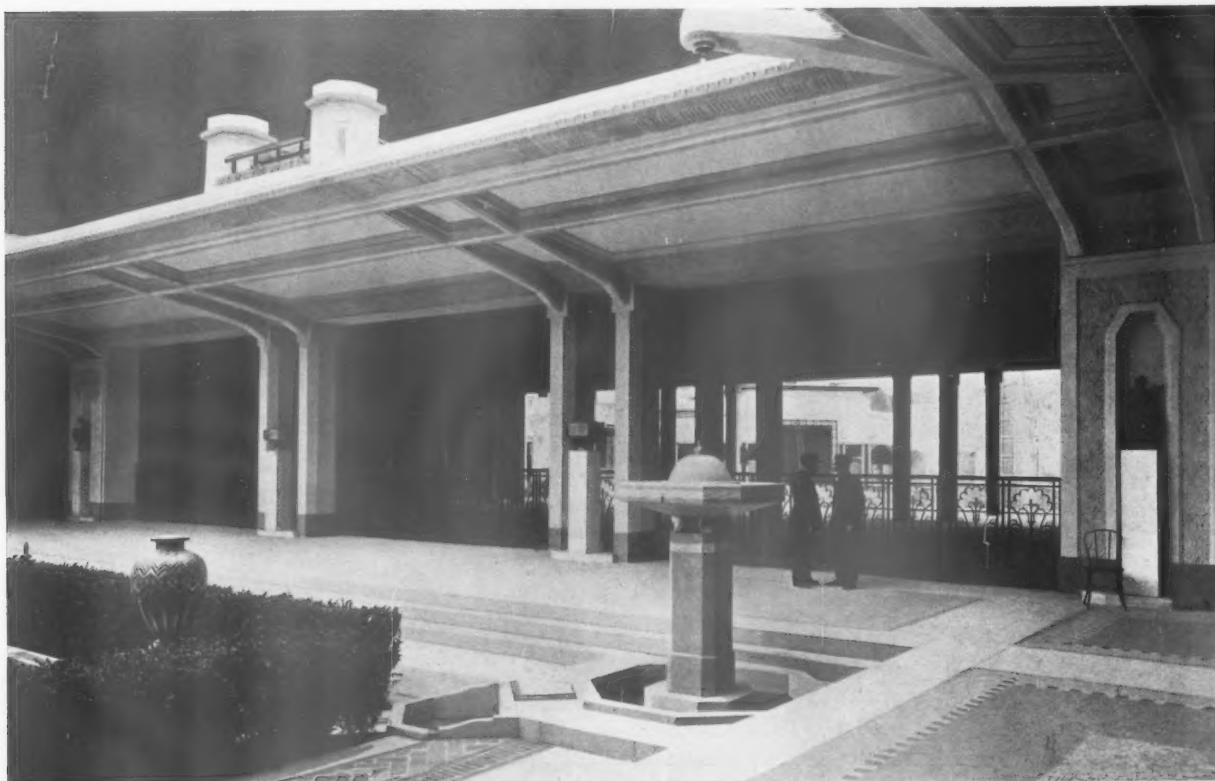
26. A GARDEN.
Designed by Vacherot and Riousse. Max Blondat, Sculptor.



27. THE LIBRARY.
Designed by Paul Huillard.



28. THE VILLAGE OF FUN.
Designed by Pelletier Frères.



29. THE COUR DES MÉTIERS.
Designed by Charles Plumet.



Photo: Manuel.

30. AT NIGHT.

The waterfall from the bridge, and the British Pavilion seen across the river.



Photo: Manuel.

31. AT NIGHT.

The Sèvres Pavilion flood-lighted.



Photo: Manuel.

32. AT NIGHT.

The bridge and the river seen from the British Pavilion.



Photo: Manuel.

33. AT NIGHT.

The Entrance to the Galeries Lafayette, and one of the great towers.

The Great Hall, and the Staircase of Honour.

Designed by Charles Letrosne

Associated with Mayor, Hennequin, Letrosne, and Daniel.

With photographs by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.



34. THE STAIRCASE OF HONOUR, FROM THE ENTRANCE.

THE most ignorant man could not enter this hall without some sensation of awe, for it is enormous both in scale and size. It is sometimes taken that scale alone in a building begets awe, but scale and size are, of course, inter-dependent. Thus it has been said that the Parthenon, built as a model, accurate in every part, would retain none of its native effect, and this is true. Granted, then, that size in itself is a factor in awesomeness, is it absurd to suggest that men's conception of size is not constant, but grows with their numbers and organization? So that as nations grow mightier, mightier buildings come—in the nature of things, to satisfy the need of the greater nation; but also to express it to make it tremble. In which process the buildings which impressed an earlier generation grow less, as though seen down the perspective of years.

Take Canterbury. In the day it was built Canterbury Cathedral was the most colossal thing in Southern England; to-day it is small; it is quite tiny. We with our population at fifty millions, our organization, our big office, our bigger factory, have developed a still greater view (as to material size only) than the cathedral builders; and the cathedral thus cannot help but lose something of its old augustness. Mr. Belloc once said, what may be true, that colossal size

in its buildings is the sign of a declining civilization; yet the progress from smaller to greater in the sense I have described is, nevertheless, a natural development. And here in the Great Hall at the *Grand Palais* we see a highly stimulating example of it. Than this interior surely no larger conception has ever been realized.

Letrosne's idea was simple. He divided the space, and made of the first part a square entrance hall; and of the second, a great staircase, the staircase being cut up into broad flights of fourteen steps, with eleven at the last, and broad terraces between. At each end of each terrace stands a shrub upon a great base against which the ends of the treads are made to break back. This is a vital point in the design. The staircase leads to the *Salle des Fêtes*, one of the decorations of which—by Jaulmes—makes a note of purple at the top. Finally, the architect has flung out broad corridors on either side of the hall which give access to the international sections.

The shrubs on the stairs are of a web-like blue which sets off with a welcome note of colour the vast, putty-coloured wall-spaces mottled with gold spots. The capitals of the piers, the detail in the cornices, the tympanums of the doors, and the base of the walls, are also picked out in gold; and certain of the walls behind the doorways "easy off"

PARIS, 1925.



Plate III.

July 1925.

THE STAIRCASE OF HONOUR IN THE GRAND PALAIS.

Charles Letrosne, Architect.

Taken from one of the Terraces. The Staircase leads from the Great Hall to the Salle des Fêtes, designed by Süe and decorated by Jaulmes (see p. 3). On either side lie restaurants, one of which can be seen.



35. THE STAIRCASE OF HONOUR.



36. THE GREAT HALL, FROM THE STAIRCASE.

The entrance to the Grand Palais can here be seen. A photograph taken from the opposite point of view to No. 34.



37. THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE CORRIDORS.

A view in the Great Hall taken at right angles to that above, showing one of the main corridors which lead off at right and left of the entrance.

into an uncertain flesh tint. The whole of this huge space of pale flesh and putty colour and gold is relieved only by the shadows on the returns of the pilasters cast by an austere daylight which falls through a great canopy, the crisper inflections of the tiny statue niches, the purple and green mural decoration seen distantly through the doorway at the summit of the stairs, and, finally, the ironwork of the entrance sharp in silhouette against the brilliant daylight. The floor, which is of wood covered with a brown linoleum, is turned by dust and the marks of feet, into a sallow dun colour which echoes the quality of the walls, while it does not commit a redundancy.

But in order to achieve this vast and sumptuous result the architect was forced into melodrama, which was admissible in the event, though the same trick would be disingenuous in a serious building. Let us see how he has obtained his effect.

In the first place he has taken advantage of the great space to make every feature, what is called in drapery circles, an out-size. The doorways, for instance, are enormous. Unsatisfied with this effect he has deliberately made his ornament, which is picked out in gold, of a coarseness unparalleled. The treatment of the frieze and of the tympanums of the doors is thus such as to eclipse the bigness of those features, so that they appear diminutive. In addition the cornice appears to lie on the ground since the largeness of the ornament brings it close to its eye. The architect has now satisfied his craving for great and



39. FROM THE RESTAURANT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE.



38. A VIEW DOWN ONE OF THE MAIN CORRIDORS.

There is nothing in this photograph to show the scale of the opening, but it is the same as that shown in Fig. 37. It is roughly twenty feet high.

generous forms, but the effect is exactly opposite to that which he has set out to make. To restore the balance, therefore, and to counteract the crushing effect of the coarse ornament he has introduced as supports to the entablature a series of slender piers, whose extreme attenuation gives the required effect of great height. While in the doorways he has used a pilaster treatment of three three-quarter columns, which have the quality of pipes. These, again, accentuate the vertical note, and throw into relief the fatness of the principal forms.

Yet there is still an element which the design lacks, the essential one of human scale. One has got a certain balance of thin and fat forms which has produced an equipoise of a sort, but so far there exists no common factor by which the scale of the whole may be appreciated. So at the four corners of the square hall the artist has introduced a human motif, in the shape of a piece of sculpture in a niche; and he has introduced this in such a way that in whatever direction one looks it is impossible not to include in one's gaze at least one of these human motifs. Thus the human scale is always present. But there is more in this than meets the eye. For these statues, far from being of human scale, are about half life-size. By this means the Great Hall is made to appear about twice as large as it is in reality, and it is these, above all, which mark the design as melodramatic. Their importance in the effect cannot be over-estimated. It can be seen in the illustrations. Those photographs which contain no view of the statues give no sense of the scale of the place.

The simplicity and the bigness with which this idea is carried out represents what is best in the modern spirit.

Modern Decorative Art.

With photographs by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

JUNE, in Paris; and at last the sun, brilliant in the timid blue of these northern skies, a blue that scarcely dares to own itself, a blue so modest after the deeper, more splendid turquoise of the south. June, already! And the exhibition is still far from completion, though it was announced for the month of April. After all it is only a mere month or two late, and what is that in France? Marseilles is a model of incompleteness; side-walks lack, projected streets, even in central quarters of the town, hang fire year after year. Year after year other roadways remain intolerably bad; hoardings subsist bowed with the weight of age. But then Marseilles has not yet had more than 2,500 years in which to complete herself, and what can one expect in the south? Alphonse Daudet told us that there was a bit of a meridional in every Frenchman. Well, perhaps that is why the stained-glass pavilion at the exhibition is as yet in a state of wooden frame-work partly covered with boards. But perhaps, also, this is why art, so often divorced from the tangible realities of life, finds here a vivacious home where its votaries are less often asked than in England, what may be the practical use of their effort. I much regret not having been able to see the stained glass, for from being a moribund art in the latter years of last century the craft of windows richly dight has sprung into a new and varied vitality. Till 1900, and even later, the window scarcely counted, save as a space of light, curtained or not as the case demanded. Sometimes leaded lights, in small regular diamond or rectangular panes, added a picturesque note to the cottage dwelling in England, but they were unknown in France. Now all is changed. The window becomes one of the most important factors in the decorative scheme. The glass is sometimes intermingled with crafty metal forgings, placed perhaps in one corner of the space. *La Maison D.I.M. (Décoration Intérieure Moderne)* displays in the very centre of its discretely ornate shop door the unexpected pose of a tiny female nude mockingly wrought in fantastic iron by Tisseyre, but designed by Philippe Petit. Then Maurice Dufrene will replace much of the glass by translucent sheets of veined alabaster, which throw a veiled and tawny light over the scheme of dark browns and greyish purples that he has conceived as fitting to one of his interiors. In another, a dining hall, in princely sequence of lapis lazuli, of organic work in polished steel, by *La Maison Vasseur*, of grey, of violet, of clear springing fountains on the laid-out table top, he has imagined high, narrow windows, whose long expanse of glass from floor to ceiling is dulled by I know not what means. So all things seen through and beyond them seem to exist and move in an unreal and dream-like way; seem to be illusions dimly perceived and doubtfully happening outside the sphere of the grey and blue within. All positive external landscape tints are toned and sobered



40. PROVENCE.

to the needs of the room itself (Fig. 41). The modern decorator leaves nothing out of his considerations, neither the view from the windows, nor the line and tint of dress that the women will wear. So little has Jacques Dunand forgotten this last factor that in his unusual windowless smoking-room, with its walls of faultless black lacquer polished patiently by narrow-eyed workmen from the farther East, he has foregone all other ornament.

The profound surface of the lacquer reflects, in lowered note, the poses and dresses of the occupants of the room; and their variable gestures afford an ever new arabesque of form and colour which stands in lieu of added artistry. Above, the ceiling closes in towards the centre by inverted step-like degrees modelled cubically in rough-cast stucco covered with hardly obvious squares of dull-silver leaf. Each of the inverted steps is cut through in its vertical part to afford egress for the smoke and ingress for upward-thrown concealed lighting, cast back in soft radiance from the frosted surface of the silver. Rare, almost unseen, notes of dull mysterious red are all he allows himself as decoration, unless the furniture—not yet in place on the plain steel grey of the carpet—will add some new variety. The thing would be sorrowful in black, one would surmise; yet no, impeccability of design and diffused clearness of lighting make it unusual, and suggestive not of ponderous Munich, but of the unknown, the unknowable East. The discussion of windows has led me unconsciously away to a description of this extraordinary windowless room of the French Embassy, in which it lies enclosed like a precious casket of silver and fine ebony, laid away in safe keeping. To Dunand and his lacquered screens I will return later.

It will be useless to seek in your French dictionary for the word "*ensemblier*"; yet to-day it is in current use. How shall we translate this last-born of French technical terms? An "all-togetherist"—how cumbersome! The *ensemblier* is a man who designs or takes into consideration every detail of the interior decoration, its form, its colour, the shapes of the architecture, the style of its furnishings. An *ensemblier*, such as Ruhlmann, will group about him other artists whose work harmonizes with his own. The group Ruhlmann, for example, will comprise Pierre Patout—the architect of the pavilion—the sculptor, Joseph Bernard; Edgar Brandt, the iron worker; Jeanniot, the strange carver of the group *A la gloire de Jean Goujon*, that figures in the photographs of the exterior; Puiforcat will furnish dining-table fittings; a vase in hammered copper, incrustated with beaten silver, standing elegant in a corner will be signed Dunand, but the general note is given by Ruhlmann himself, who is usually responsible for the furniture. Süe and Mare, Maurice Dufrene, afford other well-known examples of *ensembliers*.

And from this "all-togethering" comes as a natural sequence the study of the window as an inherent unit.



41. A DINING-ROOM.
Designed by Maurice Dufrène.

The tremendous height of the Patout windows is veiled by long, straight, vertical folds of diaphanous tissue which play—though, perhaps, less successfully—the mysterious rôle of the Dufrène dulling. Sometimes a double curtaining of exquisite filmy tissue will decoratively cross the two systems of folds; verticals will weave a curious pattern with the slanting curves. It is in such details that one feels—it may be most keenly—the sensitive French use of simplest means to produce the new, the graceful, the wholly unexpected.

Now and again, when such curtaining would be out of place, a call is made on the veritable art of stained glass, but stained glass designed in a way undreamed of only a few years back. Evidently the rich curving of shape, the vivid tints of Gothic glass, the jewel-like spaces of magnificent light are unfitted to find place in the sober harmonies in which, as a rule, the modern decorator works. The straight line, the vast plane surfaces must find their echo in the glass design. Jacques Gruber, I believe, first introduced the modern treatment of window glass by plane composition, and the fitness of his work to the circumstances may be judged from the fact that no less than forty pieces of his stained glass figure as integral window parts of the various pavilions (Fig. 42). Needless to say, he has no exhibit proper to himself! A landscape and figure stylization fills an immense window of the Nancy Pavilion; the whole of the entrance to the pavilion of *Les Galeries Lafayette* Gruber has conceived as an astonishing radiation of lines several yards in length. But his greatest triumph is for me the daring alliance of a brown and grey oblong doming of glass above a part of the lacquering of Rapin's vermillion antechamber in the French Embassy. Only in two corners has Gruber used certain geometric shapes of scattered geranium-coloured jewellery. Elsewhere he strikes clear away from Rapin's scheme of red with marked, with undoubted success. Nowadays window decoration becomes of increasing importance; this after all is a logical state of things. The luminous area of the window is above all the magnet which, at least in daytime, attracts our eyes. It is only right to employ it as just that point of perfectly concentrated decoration that Japan reserves for some exquisite bronze thumbhold in the all-else-bare and simple woodwork of a sliding panelled wall.

In the daytime the window is studied, but at night its importance as a decorative element diminishes. No less novel, no less ingenious, no less beautifully conceived than the windows are the modern methods of artificial lighting. I have already spoken of the way in which Dunand throws back the radiations of a concealed source from surfaces of



42. A STAINED-GLASS PANEL.

By Jacques Gruber.

roughened silver. The crudity of direct lighting is almost always avoided; at worst the lamps will be set back into the wall and hidden from view by ground glass that filters and softens the light. Maurice Dufrène has once dealt in a symphony of creamy white and silver that the argent purple of the hangings just relieves. He has lit this wonderful room from an oval recess in the ceiling, in which waving lines in pale tones of fawn interlace to a design (Fig. 43). But a more marked innovation is the luminous ornament that undulates in clean, yet suave sweeps, about a great circular mirror opposite the bed (Fig. 44). This *chambre de dame* is a truly successful harmony of softly graceful curves among which the eye wanders luxuriously till it comes to rest on the foot-high bed daïs enthroned in the alcove's withdrawal.

The alcove itself is walled by spraying, radiating forms of silver, a final statement of the femininity that pervades the whole. Ah! am I forgetting the enormous white bear skin that covers half the floor? A rope of silver, thick and tasselled, is knotted about the muzzle. How one figures to oneself the rose and ivory of madame's exquisite feet sinking softly, gracefully into the whiteness of the stupendous fur!

Dufrène has skilfully graded from the comparative severity of the *chambre d'homme*, with its carpet entitled *Les Vosges en Octobre*, through the alabaster lighting of a library to the lapis lazuli and steel of the dining-room, and then on to the *petit salon* of Gabriel Englinger and Suzanne Guiguichon in rose and cherry-red, faintly reminiscent of gracious French things of the days when Fragonard painted, and when Voltaire was not yet the *viellard narquois et spirituel* that he seems to us now always to have been. From the ceiling hangs down a multiplicity of colourless glass beads, each pendant string ended by just one small solitary touch of cherry-rose. The thing is modern, however, modernest of modern. The hint of the past is but a hint, the needful recognizing of national tradition. Steel *appliqués* relieve the rose, as do the light-brown shapes of the wood, which culminate in a flower-like, spreading form of *canapé*.

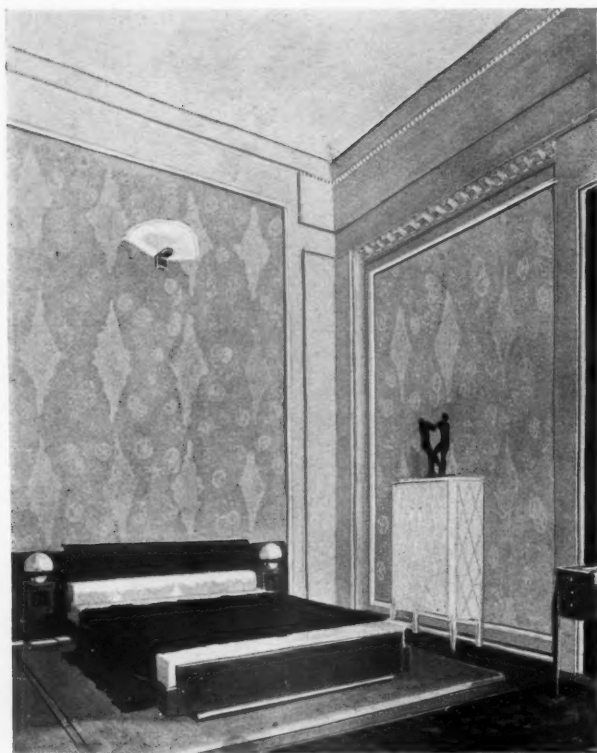
A fault one must find with this exhibition that gathers within its bounds such fine craftsmanship, such delicate taste, and artistry: one looks almost in vain among its many pavilions for guiding statements concerning the exterior architecture of the future. I remain inexplicably surprised before Maurice Dufrène's street of shops that stretches over the *Pont Alexandre III*. The idea of this street was to form a groundwork for the exposal of various shop-front designs. Surely it should have been simple in form, light in tint, like the façade of the contemporary building,



43. CHAMBRE DE DAME.
Designed by Maurice Dufrene.



44. CHAMBRE DE DAME.
The opposite view.



45. A BEDROOM BY E. J. RUHLMANN.



46. THE HALL OF THE SWEDISH PAVILION.



47. THE INTERIOR OF THE SWEDISH PAVILION.

Designed by Carl S. Bergsten. The walls of the Hall are decorated by a map in indigo blue.

a groundwork against which the often fair tracery of shop-fronts' wrought-iron work should stand out a perceptible decorative unit. But these heavy curved forms, a repetition of I know-not-what exhibition buildings of the scrolled type we have always known, how could the author of the white luxury of the *chambre de dame* have conceived them? Almost on every hand disappointment awaits us. In place of efforts toward an architecture contemporaneous and applicable to the needs of life, one meets with cardboard and gilding of tasteless temporary erections aiming for the most part at the ideal of the pantomime transformation scene of our youth. One or two exceptions there are, of course. The monumental stairway that has been put up in the interior of the Grand Palais is undoubtedly an impressive piece of work, far more impressive in reality than the reproductions give to believe. Again, I was agreeably surprised by the pavilion of my adopted region—Provence. When I heard that Provence was to have its pavilion I shrugged my shoulders. I was wrong. I must congratulate Jean Lair in having constructed a veritable building fit to figure in some sun-scorched corner of the south; a building which is truly Provençal, and yet at the same time wholly of to-day, and in no way a forged repetition of the past. I, who know the landscape circumstances so well, can find no fault with the aptness of the design completed, at least in part, with the furniture of Etienne Tournon, simple in line as befits the *mas* or the villa of the south. A fine *armoire* is strictly modern, and yet somehow reminds me of those with which I live. Obviously I would not speak so eulogistically if it were destined to take its place in Passy, but that is precisely why I praise. These two artists have learnt the lesson of progress, and have unerringly applied it to the renewal of the æsthetic adapted to southern needs. Is this a small achievement?

I do not hesitate to accord my more complete admiration to the "Pavillon du Collectionneur" (Fig. 22), perhaps—if we leave aside the modest and localized ambition of Provence—the only fully satisfying and applicable exterior. The bas-reliefs of Joseph Bernard, rounded and somewhat languid, are hardly in strictly valid relation to the uncompromising geometry of Pierre Patout's architecture. One feels that Jeanniot's group, to the glory of Jean Goujon, curious in archaic modernity, of clean-cut form is more in keeping with the geometric rest (Fig. 48). Yet even their complete



48. TO THE GLORY OF JEAN GOUJON.

Jeanniot, Sculptor.

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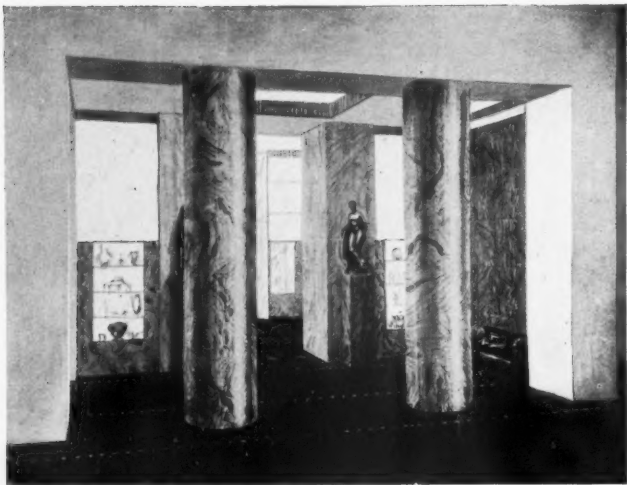


49. THE GRAND SALON IN THE RUHLMANN PAVILION.

Designed by Patout, Architect.

homogeneity is lacking between building and figures. But within doors criticism becomes difficult.

Ruhlmann may be looked on as the contemporary development of the spirit that inspired the decorative aims of the first Empire; whereas Süe and Mare find ancestry in older things, hark back towards the times of Louis XV, all modern though the transposition of them be. The forms are curved, the harmonies of tint are varied, and gilding is often lavish. The ways trodden by modernity are divers. Ruhlmann is severely simple both in form and in discretion of neutral colouring. Yet across the window of the boudoir in sole black and faintest salmon white the vivid green of translucent silk is drawn. Furniture, walls, and carpet take exquisite grading of tint from the emerald light. A very reticence itself of gold lies here and there. A smoke-grey canvas, scarcely darker than white, is strained upon the walls. The main hall is seen through Patout's massive columns that rise regularly cylindrical and bereft both of base and capital. Regal purple and blue lies beyond them. A heavy glass-beaded chandelier astonishes one. It should be in evil taste, yet so exact is the judgment that all is perfectly in key. A large painted panel by Jean Dupas shows us ashen grey sculptural forms of nude women relieved by the black and blue of other costumed figures. A sudden line of vivid green parakeets serpents through the centre of the composition and strikes the only brilliant note among the level majesty of the rest, where all the wood is black or darkest brown, hardly relieved by the thinnest of tracing in ivory. Three immensely high and narrow



50. THE HALL IN THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

Designed by Michel Roux-Spitz.

windows light the room and are veiled by straight falling folds of gauze; before the semi-opacity of one window two little bronze figures join hands in Dionysian dance, while a great apocalyptic beast is graven in the ebony of a cabinet. One would fain linger all too long in this atmosphere of exquisite discretion (Fig. 49).

Ruhlmann also figures in the as yet unopened French Embassy.* There the *Société des Artistes Décorateurs* has designed and decorated a splendid *ensemble* of ambassadorial apartments. Rapin has imagined the reception room, with its orange bordering of carpet, and its cylindrical columns only slightly relieved by a collar of incut flowers. Capital and base seem to have definitely withdrawn or to have become at most the thinnest of additions. Rapin has also conceived the room in vermillion lacquer that I have already mentioned, while Roux-Spitz is responsible for the waiting hall in brown marble and black flooring (Fig. 50). In the Embassy may be found two of the three lacquer screens by Dunand. These two are from designs by Lambert and by Waroquier, carried out with a wonderful richness of matter in which golds, reds, and browns vie with each other within a lusted depth of black. The creamed mosaic white of egg-shell adds variety from place to place. Yet to all three of these screens, I prefer his own design of fish robed in transparent pellicles; that float free in the water; fish of strange form recalling tropic seas. Down through the mysterious black of the water breaks a ray of light, silver and blue, traced by an inlaid mosaic of transparent and precious *nacre*. But this beautiful screen is not in the Exhibition (Figs. 51 and 52).

Farther on, a green and gold and black antechamber by Paul Follot precedes the most feminine of conceptions: *La Chambre de Dame* by André Groult. Rose and ivory with the necessary notes of grey. The furniture is veneered with ivory tinted *galuchat*. I must plead guilty to an ignorance of the English term. A veritable plethora of beautiful things, where shall I stop? Why note this rather than that? How can one pass in silence the study library of Pierre Chareau with its ingenious dome of palm-tree wood that swings aside at night, disclosing an immense and luminous profundity from which falls an even spread illumination.

* This will be dealt with in a later article.—ED.

This question of lighting has been intensely worked upon of recent years. Over and above the hidden source and ceiling reflection, many curious and often happy experiments have now been made. Pierre Chareau hides a lamp among some seven or eight planes of thick white glass arranged in space with the fantasy of cubistic composition. One of the most successful and tempered schemes is that of Rob. Mallet-Stevens. Three or four sheets of thick grey-green glass are suspended horizontally. Each sheet is about eighteen inches square. In the centre of the system is placed the lamp, itself invisible from the floor. The softened radiance of mixed light reflected whitely from the ceiling and tinged sea-green in part by the glass is peculiarly restful. Often the lamps are simply hidden by decoratively arranged series of pendant slips of thick and semi-opaque glass, which play the double part of distributing a milky radiation, and, at the same time, of adding a new and decorative unit in keeping with the rather rigid geometry of some modern architecture and furniture. Jacques Gruber has a curious hanging gallery of faintly tinted glass, that traverses a hall of the Embassy and lights it.

Shop-fronts too, figure largely in the Exhibition. In this intense period of artistic research and innovation, all possible directions which may serve for application of artistry are exploited. The anonymous and commercial work of contracting firms is thrust back to jobs of secondary importance. Unfortunately this is far from being the case in England. How can an artist be expected to work with enthusiasm if his name is for ever to remain unknown? It is no whit easier to design such a shop-front as that which Pierre Petit has conceived for Siéglé, in cream and greyed malachite, set off by the dark accents of the forged iron, than it is to paint many of the pictures that have gained renown for their authors. So Pierre Petit sets his



51. A LACQUER SCREEN BY DUNAND.

This is not the screen mentioned in the letterpress, but it is of a similar design.



52. LACQUER SCREENS BY JEAN DUNAND.

The ensemble is also entirely by Dunand.

signature on a corner of his work (Fig. 53). Sézille, Francis Jourdain and a crowd of others exercise their skill and fancy in this line and sign their work. A curious front by Alexandre Poliakoff falls to the lot of Becker Fils (Fig. 54). It may go hand in hand with the fantastic architecture of the Soviet pavilion. In the latter a criss-cross of red and white planes patterns itself upon the sky. An open stairway mounts and descends again athwart the centre of the building, which is almost entirely of transparent glass. The right-angle is unknown. Plane meets plane at an inclination always unexpected. Lettering, hung in space and cut out against the sky, slants hither and thither. Final surprise: a skeleton tower cut across by sloping planes shoots skyward towards a suddenly unfinished summit . . . symbolic of the hope and growth of yet imperfect bolshevism?

Poliakoff's shop-front is, however, of practical application; so we must hesitate before a hostile criticism of this new development of Slavonic art. The modern decorative artist has, as well, sworn to annihilate the horrible simpering wax figure of the clothiers' shops of our youth. To-day the lay-figures of Vigneau (Siégel) or Paul Imans are *spirituel* works of art (Figs. 53 and 54). Two girls lightly clothed in a symphony of white express quaint surprise against the pale rose setting, relieved by a sole thin line of black, which forms the hinder wall of Siégel's shop. "*Si blanche fut la damoiselle*," wrote the unknown author of "*Aucassin and Nicolette*," yet hardly can she have been of the decorative candour of this surprised pair. Sometimes all naturalism is cast aside, decoratively cut feature, carved out in plane, is gilt or silvered over, to add to its strangeness. Sometimes face and figure become a mere cubistic chaos of intersecting surfaces; sometimes face and hands are reduced to a decorative hieroglyphic traced in space.

Two long-forgotten arts are being once more cultivated anew: direct cutting in sculpture and real lime fresco painting. To both of these I have myself bestowed considerable attention, and have evolved a fresco technique completely resistant to hard scrubbing and capable of polish. Dufrène has applied some polished stucco of similar nature to the curving walls of a passage in the private

apartments of the Embassy. It would seem, in the half-light, to be an interlacing composition of gigantic forms like grey-green aloe leaves that sweep up to the rounded ceiling. It is so highly polished that I at first thought that it was covered by quarter-inch plate glass. Fresco painting (by which I do not mean tempera) encounters one at every turn. This is a natural development of the modern tendency away from impressionistic and imitative art and towards statements of thought more styled and decorative. In the Embassy La Montagne St. Hubert has several glad-coloured



53. SIEGEL.

A shop designed by Pierre Petit. The architect has signed his work near the top right-hand corner.



54. SIEGEL AND BECKER FILS.

Two French shops by Pierre Petit and Alexandre Poliakoff. Notice the lay-figures in the windows.

fresco renderings of La Fontaine's fables. It is a pity that photography is as yet forbidden in this unique Embassy. Why have we not in England a "Société des Artistes Décorateurs" capable of choosing from its members a select few who, with the financial aid of the State, might produce a well co-ordinated work in which both artist and executor retain their names and personalities, and yet collaborate to a common end? When will a Liberty, a Shoolbred acknowledge the source of their designs? When will the British public arouse itself from its artistic apathy and take pride in its drawing-room arranged and decorated by well-known artists? When will it know that the vase which stands on a table by Ruhlmann has been beaten up from a flat sheet of copper and inlaid with silver by Dunand? Probably never. Art is an aside in Anglo-Saxon lands; it is not a vital thing. It is bought in a shop. The Salon of Les Independants goes on from success to success in spite of soon a half century of being. Pointillism, post-impressionism, cubism, every new art movement starts from there. In the first years of this century the Allied Artists' Association was formed in London on similar lines. From an enormous numerical success of young-lady-like attempts in the first exhibition, it dwindled and faded to a futile and silent end some few years back, I believe. What a terrible criticism of the vitality of British art!

But among the many beautiful objects and *ensembles* that I am forced to pass over in silence I find I have included the

exhibition of "Les Grands Magasins du Printemps." Here again—may the lesson profit to England—the names of the artists who collaborate in the "Atelier Primavera" are known and recognized. Why was the external architecture confided to a man so different in idea from Levard, who is responsible for that of the interior? Inside we find his heavy cylindrical columns upholding pendant masses of masonry from which mouldings are suppressed. An ochre-tinted dining-room is set off by the special accent of a black marble fountain backed against an alcove wall (Fig. 55). Here and there an uncouth arabesque of Etruscan figures is traced in real fresco, and always in fawns and light-reds, by Olesiewicz to whom also is due the design of the fountain carved by Chassaing. The whole interior, of which I must fain forgo a fuller description, shows that excellence of sensitive arrangement so often the appanage of France.

How terribly incomplete this account of an exhibition so full of interesting effort, of instructive trial, of occasional unqualified success! Were I to attempt to name even a reasonable part of the artists and craft-workers of so many nationalities who are showing the results of their skill and invention between *Les Invalides* and *Le Grand Palais*, this article would become a mere list of names. Art is becoming international, hence the idea itself of this exhibition. To China, to Munich, to the Morris and Ruskinian guild workers, to many other sources, even to the sculpture of tropical Africa may be traced the motive forces of much that France

PARIS, 1925.



Plate IV.

July 1925.

A MUSIC ROOM.

Designed by Levard. Edited by the Printemps.
A view in the centre of the Printemps Pavilion, the Atelier Primavera.



55. A DINING-ROOM IN THE ATELIER PRIMAVERA.

Designed by Levard.

has taken in hand and so often tactfully modified and harmonized. Much has been done, much still remains to do. Furniture is often delightful in line, in *amboyne*, in inlaid *galuchat*, in distinguished tracery of ivory. That the style is now definitely established is shown by the innumerable commercial stands on which are shown re-editions, of varying excellence, of the designs of the precursors. The minor arts of the ceramist, of the book-binder (and how many are they!) have often attained a high level of excellence, though the critic should always carefully distinguish between the result that belongs only to this high level and fails suddenly to surpass it, carried upward by one knows not what fine and rare flowering of gracious, unusual thought.

Architecture—that most difficult of arts—still seeks its way. Levard leaves us with a sense of oppression. Roux-Spitz, Raymond Fischer experiment variously. What do the strange Slavonic conceptions portend? The worst of the exhibition is the way in which the difficulty has been shirked and refuge sought in out-of-date florid elevations, bearing temporary show-building writ large upon their façades.

Patout has produced the most satisfactory novel work in the Ruhlmann pavilion, the great simple towers of the Porte de la Concorde, and the Sèvres pavilion. It would seem almost a *sine qua non* of modern work to cut off

clean and without moulding or cornice. The unfinished look of too many of such buildings is testimony to the difficulty of the task. The Crès pavilion by Hiriart, Tribout, and Beau, otherwise interesting, is an example of this defect. On the other hand, the Reims Library, by Sainsaulieu, seems to have avoided it. Why, it is difficult to say. Doubtless some happy adjustment of proportions is at the root of the success. The severe suppression of amusing ornament renders the architect's task doubly difficult. Conception and proportions must be impeccable. Mallet-Stevens's strange Tower of Tourism frankly poses the problem of thin planes (Fig. 6). As we grow used to steel-upheld construction we may learn to accept unusual thinness of mass. It is yet early to pronounce. In darkness, curiously illuminated, its effect is undoubtedly troubling. But let us leave the exhibition at night by the Porte de la Concorde (Plate I), and stay a moment to cast a backward look at Patout's lofty towers mysteriously lit at their very tops by single horizontal lines of diffused light. The group of rectangular prisms rises high above the dark foliage of the Champs-Élysées, high at midnight towards a hushed depth of summer sky. Up one of the shapes of ghostly geometry strikes a motionless ray of graded light.

What portent of future things lies in such construction's bold simplicity?

VERNON BLAKE.

The British Pavilion.

Designed by Easton and Robertson.

With photographs by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.



56. THE LOWER QUAY.

THE exhibition entrance leads past the back of the British Pavilion, and it is not until one has crossed the river and can look back from the opposite quay that one sees the building as it should be seen (Figs. 17 and 58). Here in the most charming way it rises upon a staircase from the river, first the restaurant with its wicked curly red windows, its veranda over the water, and its great canopy, then the tower, the elegant lantern climbing to the little ship which rides high aloft; and, to the right, the body of the building terminated by the entrance block which shows on this side a decorative niche.

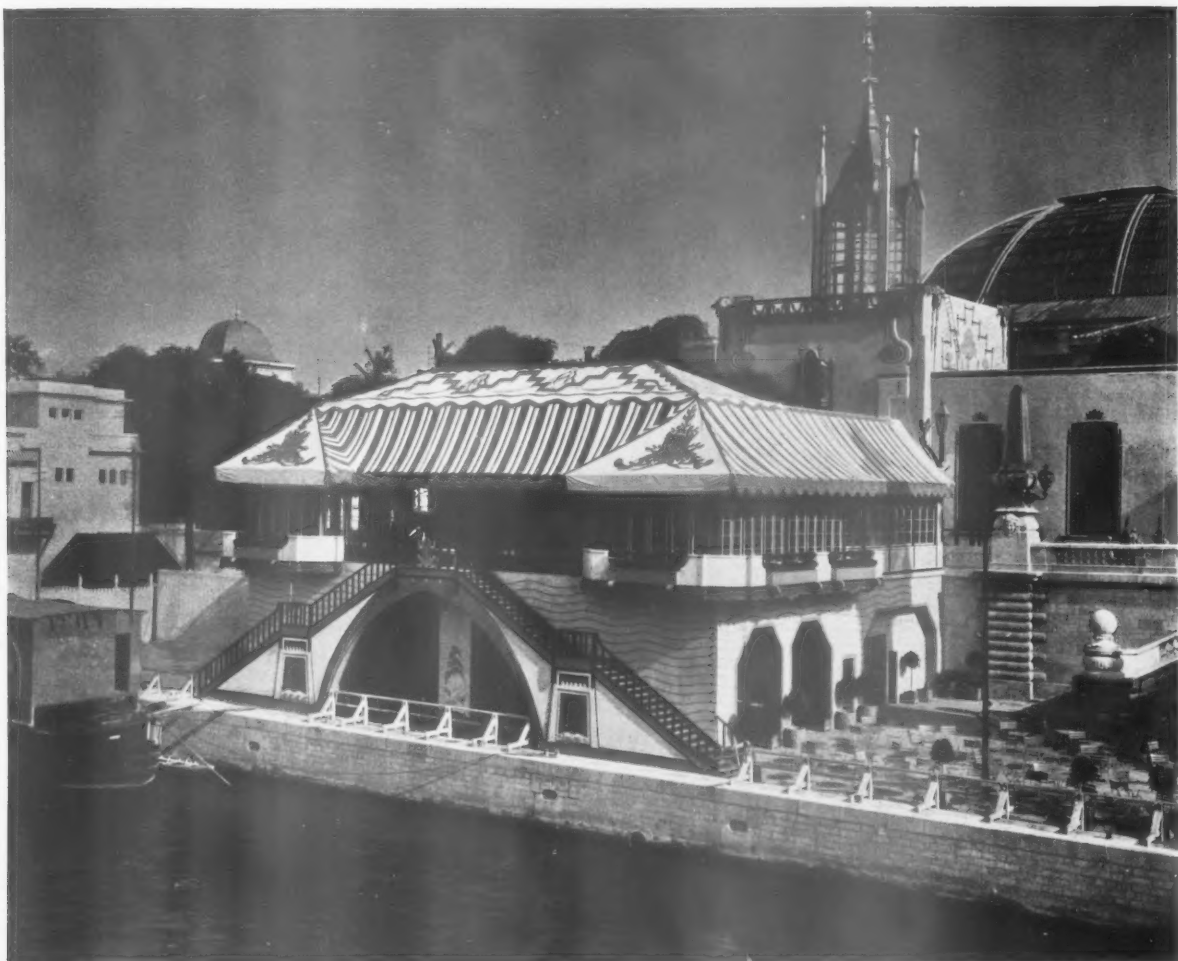
By day, the brilliant colours, the glitter of the glass, the many contrasts of form, the sunshades over the tea-tables on the lower quay, the fluttering banners, all combine to produce a result which is gay, graceful, almost hilarious. The feeling of spontaneity in the forms is quite admirable when one considers that there was no English exhibition precedent of any sort to go upon. Indeed, none existed until last year, when various clever architects produced the interior of the Palace of Industry at Wembley.

By night the scene is equally effective, but in a different way. The restaurant is now brightly lit, and the music of a band floats from the open windows. The great canopy, however, lies in deep shadow, its silhouette only standing out, against the highly-lit body of the pavilion behind. One is always impressed by the fact that the restaurant and the pavilion are one design.

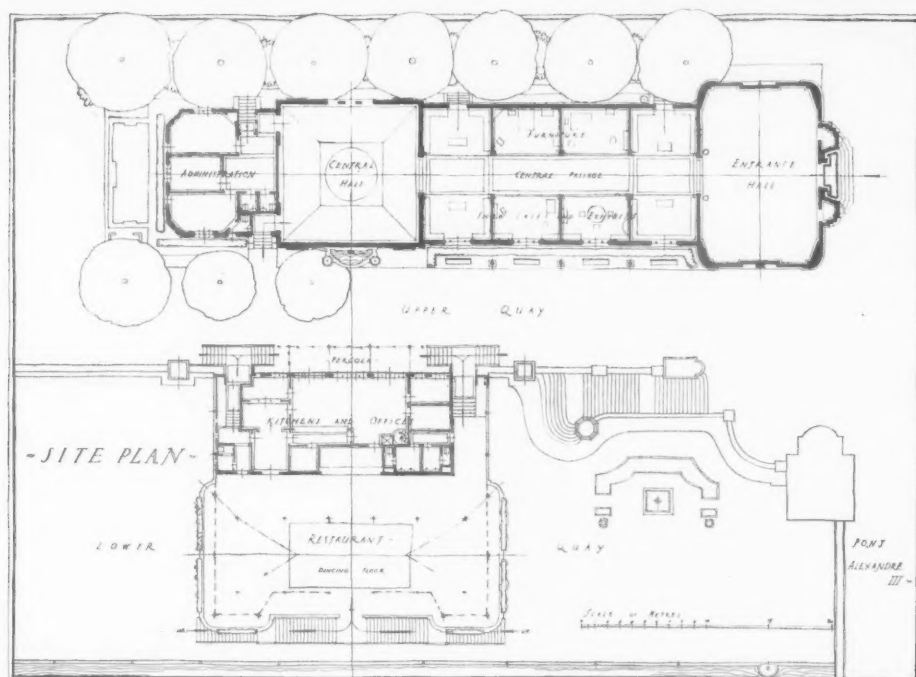
It is necessary to cross the river to inspect detail more closely. Considering what large blank spaces of wall exist the amount of detail the architects have massed in a small space is remarkable. It is not always successful—for instance, one feels rather at sea with the continual modification of the cornice line of the pavilion (Plate V)—but that is the eternal trouble in exhibition architecture; you are at liberty to do one thing or fifty without a particular reason for any of them. The niche and Mr. Kennington's gilt statue are effective; so is the corresponding niche on the opposite side, with Mr. Anthony Betts's gilt column. Inside the restaurant may be found some charming panels by Mr. B. Hughes-Stanton. Two of these are illustrated in Figs. 63 and 64. All the work shows fancy besides craftsmanship.



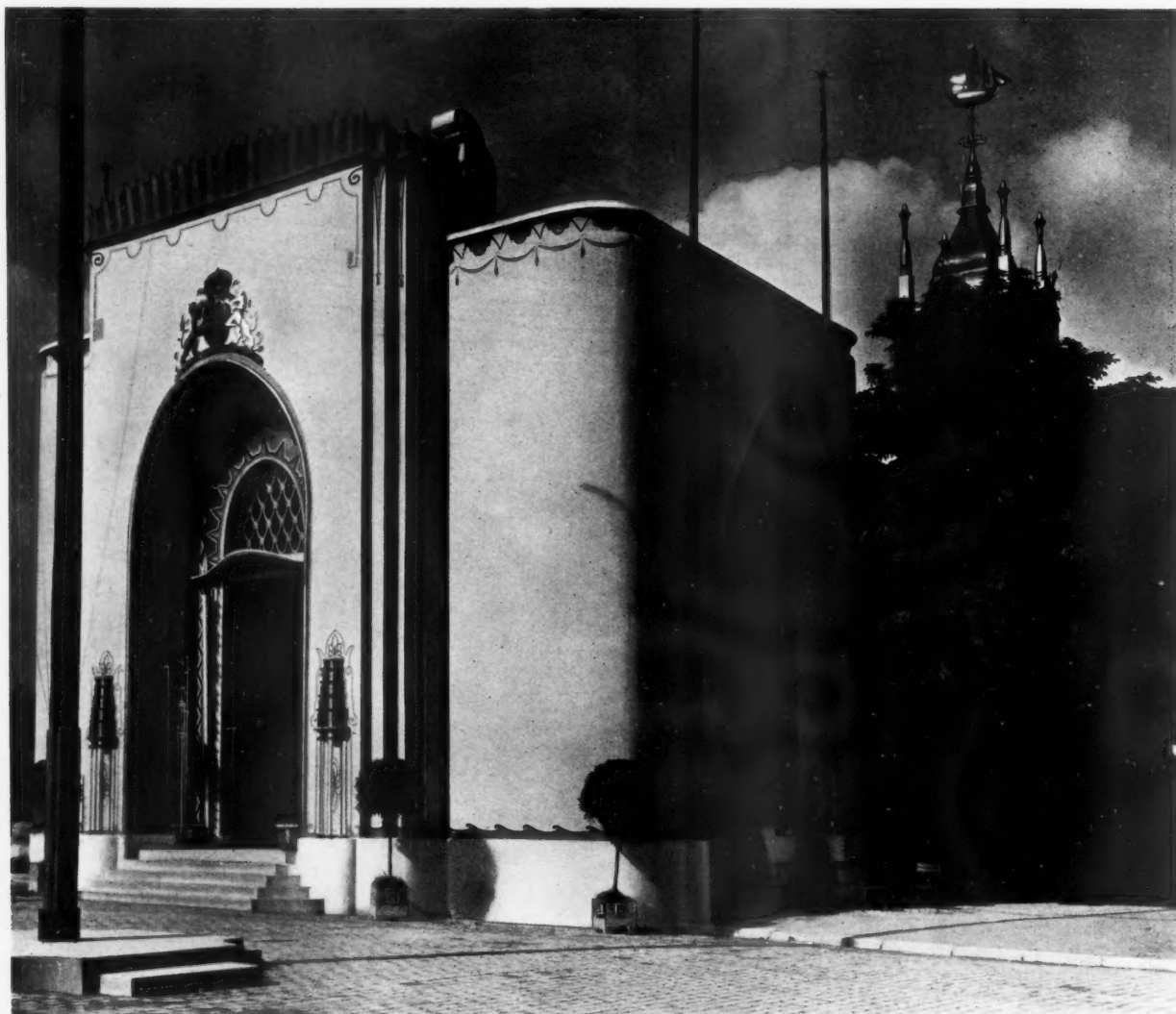
57. THE LANTERN.



58. THE BRITISH PAVILION AND RESTAURANT, FROM THE *PONT ALEXANDRE III*.



59. A PLAN OF THE WHOLE SITE.
Showing the Pavilion and the Restaurant.

60. THE FRONT, FROM A SPOT NEAR THE *PORTE D'HONNEUR*.

But it is here close to the building on the upper quay that the defect of the design becomes evident; and in fairness to the designers it should be added that the defect inheres in the site and in the conditions. For it was laid down that the central hall (to be placed where it is seen on the plan) was to be the main feature of the pavilion. Now a moment's glance at the plan convinces one without any reasonable doubt that the entrance hall is the more important mass. Thus we have from the start a duality which will be difficult to resolve. The architects have given the central hall the utmost weight they could by means of the bare wall and the tall lantern, but the facts of the plan are against them, and it just fails to dominate. The entrance block, by means of its greater width, is able to hold the eye for an instant undecided as to which is the dominant mass.

In truth the plan of the pavilion itself is a very difficult one. Hemmed in by trees on either hand it was doomed from the start to be long and narrow. The architects have so tied the restaurant to the design, however, that the eye

instinctively includes it with the pavilion, and thus the mind is relieved to think of the composition as more than a rectangle.

The peculiar interest of this design is that it is perhaps, before everything, a product of the Architectural Association. Nobody conversant with current architectural history in England could fail to recognize here the obvious characteristics. And this is apt, for the Architectural Association is the English exponent of modernism. It is good that its influence should begin to be felt.

The good proportions, the poise and suavity of the whole, the homogeneity of this collection of quaint and agile conceits, the vivacity of form, and the serious purpose it fulfils in expressing boldly, nay, proudly, the dark and violent joy which an exhibition holds for an honest man—these qualities fill the close observer with admiration for the saucy building, and with gratitude to its designers for their pluck in carrying out with assurance a conception which a little cowardice would have killed.

H. DE C.

PARIS, 1925.



Plate V.

July 1925.

FROM THE UPPER QUAY.

Easton and Robertson, Architects.

The pavilion is built in plaster. On the left, just out of the photograph, lies the restaurant, and on the right the entrance to the pavilion. This entrance block is flanked by two niches, one containing a gilt statue by Eric Kennington, and the other a gilt column by Anthony Betts. With the exception of the entrance hall the painted decoration is by Henry Wilson.

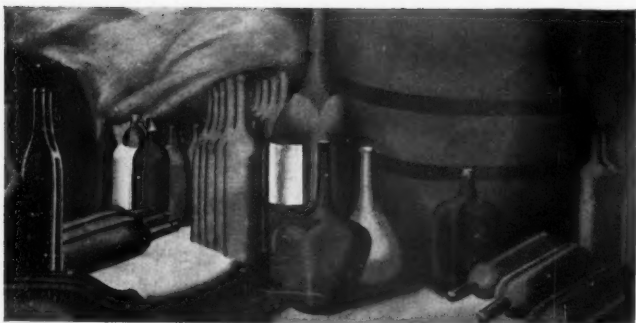


61. PART OF THE BRITISH EXHIBIT IN THE *GRAND PALAIS*.

The British exhibit is cut up into three sections: that which is contained in the Pavilion, a series of rooms in the Grand Palais, and a third series situated on the *Esplanade des Invalides*.



62. IN THE CENTRAL HALL.



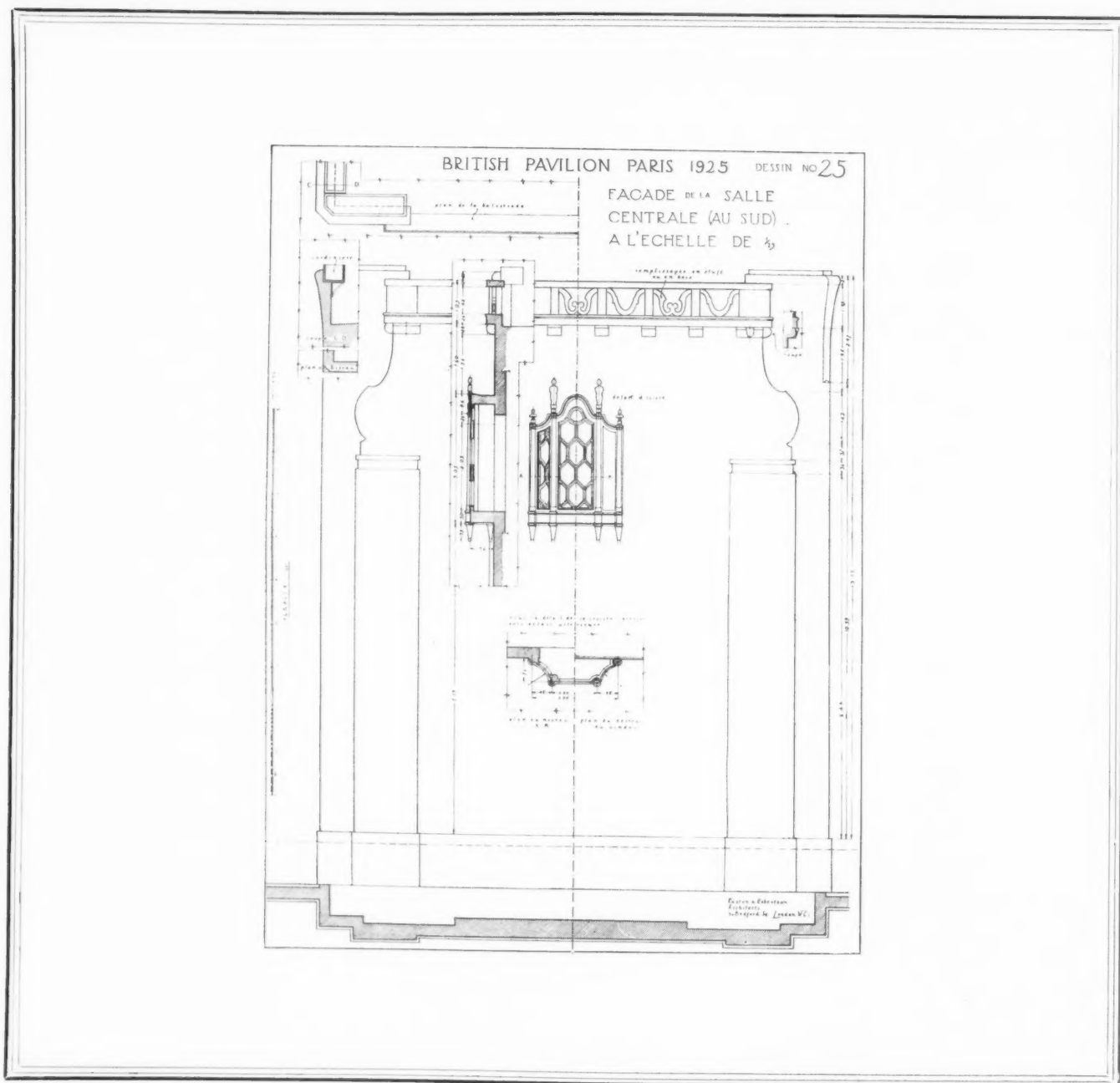
63. A PANEL IN THE RESTAURANT.

By B. Hughes-Stanton.



64. A PANEL IN THE RESTAURANT.

By B. Hughes-Stanton.



65. A WORKING DRAWING OF THE FACE OF THE HALL.

Exhibitions.

MR. E. McKNIGHT KAUFFER'S EXHIBITION OF POSTERS.—Mr. Roger Fry has written such an excellent and informative preface to the catalogue of the exhibition of posters, held under the auspices of the Arts League of Service, that it is unnecessary to recapitulate the various phases through which Mr. Kauffer has passed in his search for what we may call a poster formula.

When walking along the street the attention is often attracted by a poster which looks as if it had been done by Mr. Kauffer, but upon walking over to observe it closely one finds that it is not by him. There is always something different about this artist's work; something which distinguishes it from other work apparently of the same nature.

The difference is this: Mr. Kauffer is an artist first of all; he understands something about the influences which have gone towards the formation of modern art. So that, when he does his work, no matter how simple it may appear to be, there is always in it that which the trained observer immediately recognizes; that something which is indicated by a sense of finality in a line or a shape, which has been acquired by much patient research and instinctive appreciation for telling effects, qualities which the average poster artist does not possess, for he is sometimes quite ignorant of what has been taking place in the art world; his simplifications are, unlike Mr. Kauffer's, mere superficial patches of colour, and are not supported by any background of knowledge. This does not mean that good work is not being done by many poster artists, but is said to show the difference between Mr. Kauffer's work and that by those who try to emulate his style.

Mr. Kauffer has very skilfully adapted to the art of the poster methods which certain French artists have invented and used. Here and there he has accented and forced into obvious prominence methods which might pass almost unobserved in the works of their original discoverers, for in their case the method was only discernible by its effects; the force necessary in a poster is sometimes antagonistic to the very intention which originally demanded such a method. There is therefore some little danger of putting the method before the matter.

Although Mr. Kauffer's work is often extremely abstract, yet however abstract his ideas may be, he always carries them out in a definite and concrete way; so that which the uninitiated would not accept as an artistic creed, they will accept because the workmanship is sound, and they therefore will not trouble to war over the thematic material of which it is composed.

THE LONDON GROUP.—The London Group show—held in the galleries of the R.W.S.—is quite an interesting one. It is more "grown-up," as it were, for some of its members seem to have found themselves.

Mr. F. J. Porter's progress has been steadily maintained: his work is solidly formed, something after the manner of Cézanne, but his "Suffolk Landscape" (89) shows the character of the country; it is essentially England that he has depicted and not Frenchified England. Whatever he has assimilated of French painting he has now made his own, and he can handle his material with assurance, because he knows how and why he paints. His still-life groups have all the good qualities of his landscapes. But in one of his groups, the violin which forms a part of the composition, suffers from the artist's very qualities, for it looks as solid as a piece of stone, and suggests no resonant qualities whatever.

In "The Spaniard's Inn" (154) Mr. Ginner shows a further clarification of his very individual style, which still remains refreshingly uninfluenced by Cézanne.

Mr. Walter Sickert, A.R.A. (exhibiting under the name of "W. Richard Sickert"—is this, ostrich-like, because he does not wish his fellow members to know that he is an A.R.A.?) shows some characteristic paintings and some drawings.

Mr. Sidney Carline's "Gwenllyn in Fancy Dress" (97) is rather nice and clean in colour, but the general effect is weak.

"The Lane" (26), by Mr. Bernard Adeney, is a quiet landscape full of light and well designed, but not aggressively moulded into arbitrary shapes for the sake of being "modern."

Good work is shown by Mr. Allan Walton, particularly in his reserved little "Front Gardens" (50), and Mr. Edward Wolfe, in his simply recorded "Beppino" (77), and Mr. Walter Taylor's water-colours have sometimes the happiness and spontaneity of Matisse.

Among the sculpture are exhibits by Miss Clara Billing, Miss Margaret Hayes, Miss Betty Muntz, and Mr. Frank Dobson.

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.—The work of Mr. Owen Merton (who held an exhibition in these galleries) is momentarily exciting, but after this mood has passed nothing of a very solid nature remains to sustain the interest.

One would wish that Mr. Merton had shown something that would give us the clue to his present convictions; in fact, show us the paths he has traversed in acquiring them. In a sense his work is modern, but the reason for his modernity is not quite apparent.

In some of this artist's work, where the general chaos is arrested by some dominating colour or dark spot, the intention is quite clear, and in these cases the pictures need no further justification, for they proclaim themselves as works of art. This clearness of intention is apparent in "Arabs and Trees" (8), "Houses by the Canal" (23), and some others. Mr. Merton should cultivate this side of his talent, and not be satisfied with such vague statements as the major part of his exhibits consist, for he has an instinct for picture-making, and an appreciation for the decorative value of his subjects.

There is also an exhibition of the works of Mrs. Clara Fargo Thomas, which, says the catalogue, "is so far as we know the first by any American woman mural painter to be given in London." This is incorrect, and it shows the extent of the interest one gallery takes in another, for in June, 1923, Miss Violet Oakley, a well-known mural painter of Philadelphia, U.S.A., held an exhibition in the St. George's Gallery.

Mrs. Thomas's work is rather sticky and varnishy in appearance, and her subjects are treated in a very antique manner, for she has evidently done a lot of research work in an endeavour to recapture the illusive charm of the primitives. But surely the charm of these early artists lay in the fact that they *were* primitive themselves, they did not live in our sophisticated age, and any attempt to go back to their methods must result in a self-conscious simplicity, which, in the light of what we know at the present time in regard to anatomy and other things, cannot really be convincing. We must go forward, period following period, each building upon the one that has gone before.

THE PANTON ART CLUB.—This club, which held its show in the Spring Gardens Gallery, has for its object "the encouragement of the creative arts," and "has no artistic creed, preferring to leave its members free to develop their own individuality." These are excellent aims; it only remains to be seen whether their very liberality may not lead to vagueness and lack of direction.

Among the works shown, Miss Edith M. Fry's "Peamore: the Residence of Sir Trehawke and Lady Kekewich" (2) gives a very pleasant feeling of an English home. It is clean in colour and sunny in effect.

Other works of interest are shown by Mr. Iain Macnab, Mr. Cosmo Clark, Miss Isabel Codrington, and Miss Helen Stuart Weir.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

Selected Examples of Architecture.

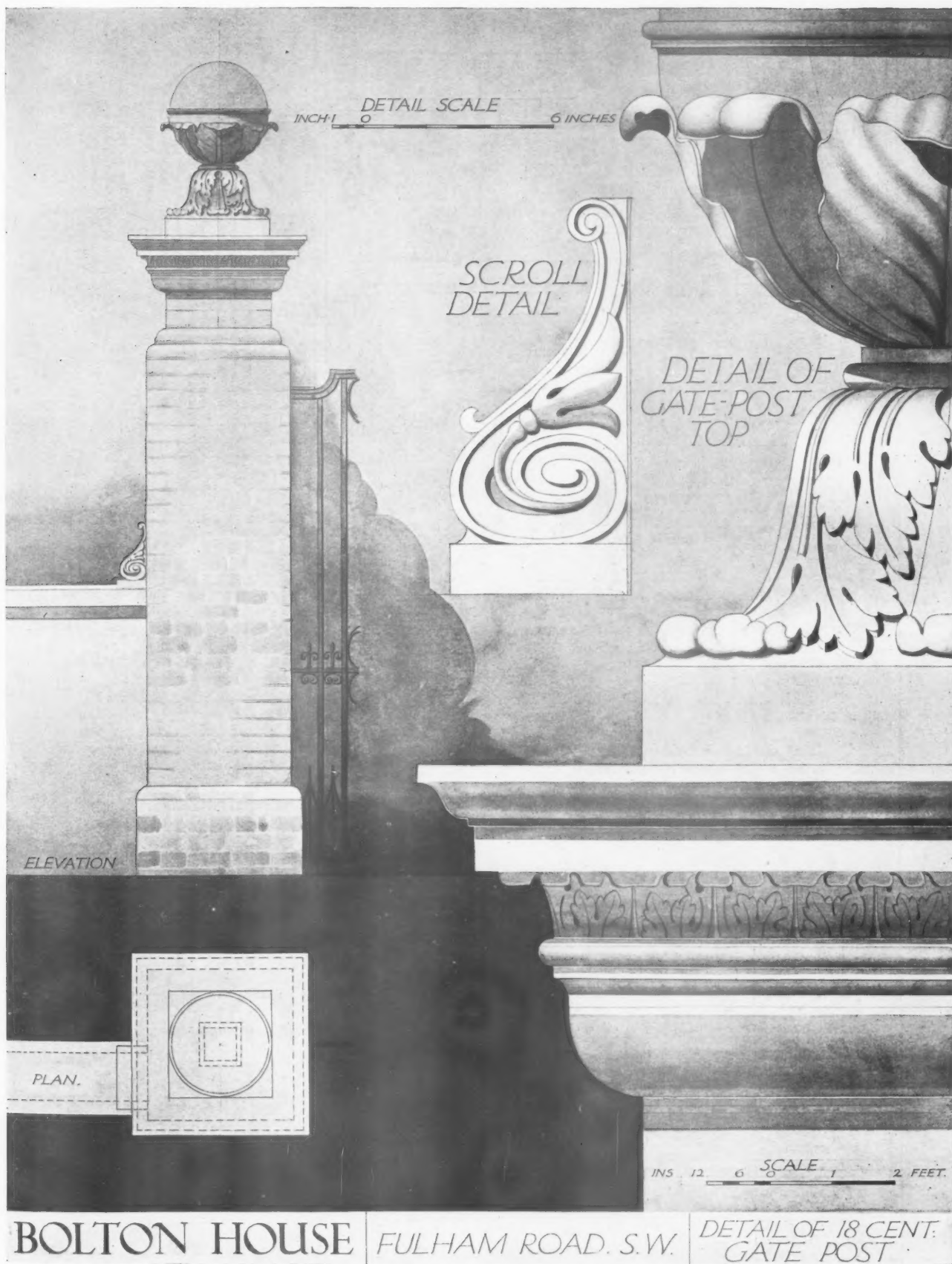
IN CONTINUATION OF
"THE PRACTICAL EXEMPLAR OF ARCHITECTURE."

An Eighteenth-Century Gate-Post,
Bolton House, Fulham Road, S.W.

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY CHRISTOPHER J. WOODBRIDGE.

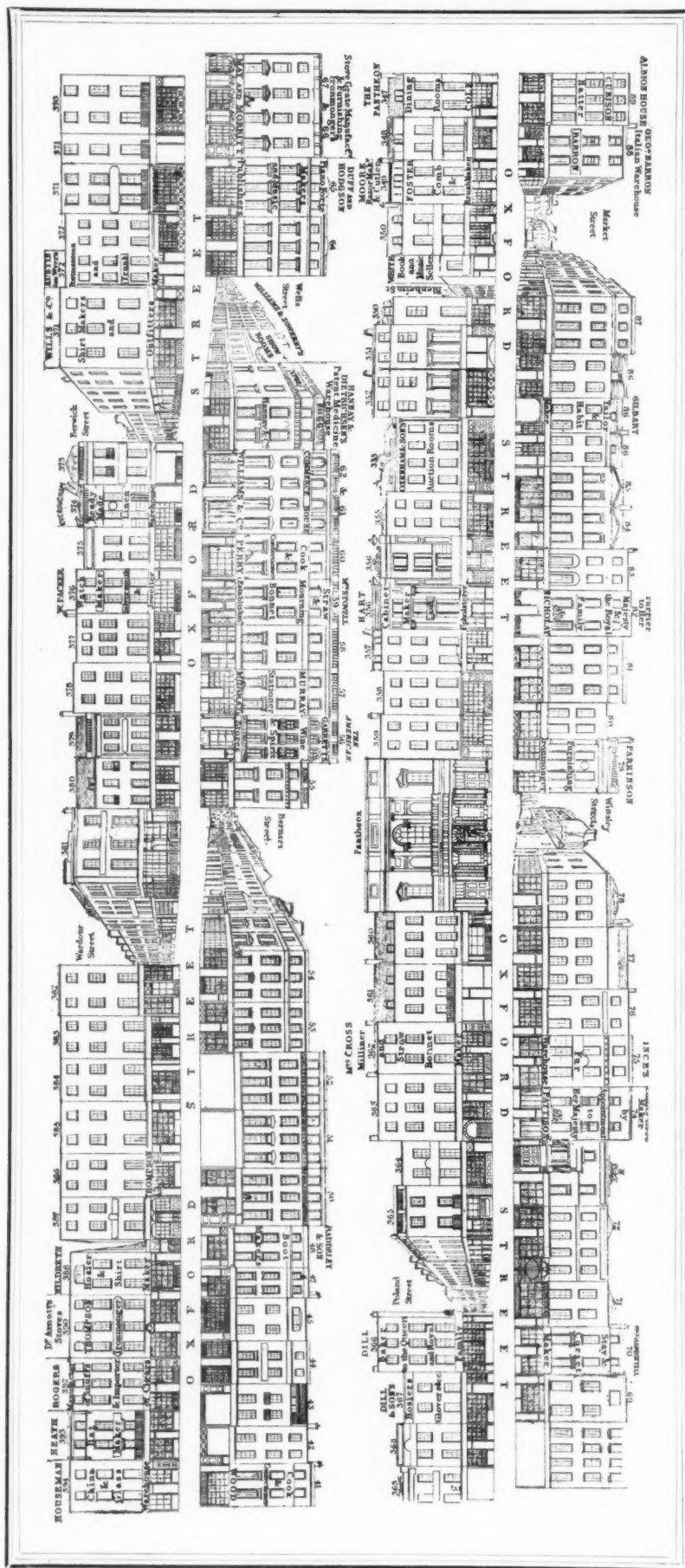


FROM THE STREET.



BOLTON HOUSE | FULHAM ROAD, S.W. | DETAIL OF 18 CENT. GATE POST

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY CHRISTOPHER J. WOODBRIDGE.



OXFORD STREET—(Continued).

(No. 34 in "Tallis's London Street Views." Published about 1830.)

"This important thoroughfare," says Tallis, "consists almost exclusively of retail shops. In this division is situated, between Portland Street, and Blenheim-street, the Pantheon. This structure was originally built in the best style, and ornamented with the richest decoration and embellishments, for entertainments of the nobility, consisting of musical pieces, masquerades, balls, etc.; but on the 14th January, in the year 1792, the whole was destroyed by fire, the loss amounted to the sum of £60,000, only £15,000 of which was insured. Being repaired it was used for exhibitions and lectures, and in this place Signor Lunarchi exhibited the first balloon which ascended in England. This balloon ascended from the Artillery-ground in Finsbury. The Pantheon was for a considerable time shut up, but within the last few years it has been used as a bazaar, for the sale of jewellery, pictures, and other articles of taste. It is very beautifully fitted up. It generally contains some excellent paintings, and pieces of sculpture; the conservatory at the back is lofty, and exhibits many rare and beautiful specimens of the vegetable kingdom; it appears to enjoy, and certainly deserves a considerable share of patronage; it forms a very agreeable morning lounge for persons of fashion, and is usually well attended."

"No. 61 in this street is the most remarkable commercial establishment in this or any other country. It is no less conspicuous as an ornament to the street, than celebrated as a resort for the most fashionable.—So extensive has been the business transacted on these premises since the erection of the present edifice, with its concomitants, that the *manufacturers of Europe* have justly designated it '*the Grand Centre of Distribution*.' The whole of the splendid articles here displayed, come direct from the factory, be it Brussels, Lyons, Paris, Geneva, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Norwich, or elsewhere. The foreign velvets, satins, and fancy articles are of the richest description. Here the producer and consumer are placed in direct relation; no intermediate agency, which enables Messrs. Williams and Sowerby, not only to be considerably under the *ordinary* class of shop-keepers in charges; but a choice is *submitted* to the purchaser not to be equalled. One of the peculiar features of this establishment (arises from their *constant* intercourse with foreign fabricants) is that every day *produces something new*."

Tallis's London Street Views.

XVIII—Oxford Street (continued).



61 OXFORD STREET.

THE last section of Oxford Street took us just beyond Newman Street, or to No. 40, going west; the present one starts from this point and proceeds as far as two doors beyond Market Street on the north side and four beyond the narrow Blenheim Street (now Ramilies Street) on the south. "This important thoroughfare," writes Tallis, "consists almost exclusively of retail shops," and the directory attached to the elevation bears this out. But in those days the shops were as a rule small and insignificant as compared with the immense stores which to-day stand as landmarks throughout the length of the thoroughfare.

Berners Street is the first by-street we come to, and it is one of special interest because of the many notable people who once lived in it, and because it will be for ever associated with that famous hoax played by Theodore Hook on a certain Mrs. Tottingham, which consisted in sending orders for goods to every conceivable class of shopkeeper, with instructions that the goods should all be delivered at one and the same time. Even our present dislocation of traffic could hardly have been worse than what occurred on that occasion. Among the former inhabitants in Berners Street were Sir William Chambers and Fuseli, Sir Robert Smirke, Hardwick, and Opie; Pitcairn and Baillie, the physicians, and Cline and Carlisle, the surgeons; and Lonsdale, the painter, at whose house Campbell records meeting Captain Morris, the bard of Pall Mall; while here, too, was the banking house of the fraudulent Fauntleroy. Between Berners Street and Wells Street was the shop of Williams and Sowerby (Nos. 61 and 62), about which Tallis grows positively lyrical, terming it "the most remarkable commercial establishment in this or any other country; being," he adds, "no less conspicuous as an ornament to the street, than celebrated as a resort of the most fashionable." To us, looking at the elevation and having in mind the colossal premises which now ornament the street, the place appears ordinary enough; and one cannot but think that Messrs. Williams and Sowerby themselves had something to do with the flamboyant advertisement incorporated in Tallis's letterpress. It may be noted that the showrooms of Williams and Sowerby were in Wells Street, in a low building with a curious elevation; while their shop formed part of what was evidently then a newly-built range of premises extending from No. 56 to No. 62.

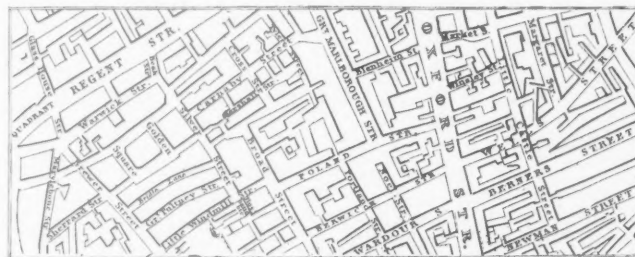
The continuation of the north side of Oxford Street (on the top row of elevations) calls for little notice beyond what can be

gained by a study of the view itself. Winsley Street is of no importance, but Market Street is interesting as being the inlet to what was in former days Oxford Market, established in 1731, and continuing till 1876, when the buildings were sold, and finally cleared away four years later, Oxford Mansion now occupying their site.

Reversing the elevations, and beginning at the east end, at No. 394, we come, after passing Thompson's, the ironmonger's, where Dr. Arnott's patent stoves were on sale, to Wardour Street, about which it is unnecessary to say anything, as Tallis allocates separate elevations for that thoroughfare, with which I shall deal in due course. As will be seen, the shop-fronts at this part of Oxford Street still retained much of their earlier character, and only the insertion of new windows in the upper stories give them a quasi-Victorian air. Berwick Street perpetuates the name of Lord Berwick, the ground landlord. In 1708, according to Hatton, it was "a kind of Row, the fronts of the houses resting on columns, making a small piazza," so one can imagine how picturesque it once was, and how different from what it is to-day. Tallis says that in 1838 there were still private houses in it. Poland Street, ten doors farther west, was also once a residential thoroughfare, and here lived at one time Sir William Chambers, Schnebbelie, the well-known topographical draughtsman, and Dr. Burney and his daughter Fanny; while Blake once lodged at No. 28, and Shelley, after being sent down from Oxford, in 1819, at No. 15.

A few doors beyond Poland Street stands the one landmark in Oxford Street connecting it with earlier days, viz. the Pantheon, of which Tallis gives us a very excellent representation. It is now the same, yet not the same, as it is here depicted, but it helps to carry our mind back to those spacious eighteenth-century times when all the Fashion of a decorative period flocked hither; when its coming so seriously affected the prosperity of Mrs. Cornelys, and even became a rival to Vauxhall and Ranelagh. The original Pantheon was opened in 1772, having been designed by James Wyatt; twenty years later it was burnt down, and a second, but less brilliant, centre arose in its place; this, in 1812, was taken down, and a third Pantheon was erected. In 1834 this building was reconstructed by Sidney Smirke, at a cost of £30,000, and although the Oxford Street entrance is a part of Wyatt's original structure, the portico was added and the frontage otherwise reconstructed. As a place of amusement it was finally closed in 1867, and has since been the headquarters of Messrs. Gilbey & Co. After this there is little to add about this portion of Oxford Street; but I would draw attention to the rather elaborate front of No. 356, occupied by the furniture warehouse of Hart, and to No. 353, as being then the auction rooms of Messrs. Oxenham; while in the little Blenheim Street (so named in compliment to the Duke of Marlborough who was living when it was formed), whose name was changed to Ramilies Street in 1886, Henry Cavendish, the founder of modern chemistry, once lived.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.



PLAN OF THE PART OF OXFORD STREET ILLUSTRATED.

Recent Books.

Architectural Manners.

Good and Bad Manners in Architecture. By A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS.
London: Philip Allen & Co. Pp. xi and 244: illus. 44. 6s. net.

We are now so accustomed to standards of social behaviour being applied to architecture, we so commonly find buildings admired or condemned according to the propriety or reverse of their deportment, that we are inclined to take these canons of criticism for granted. They have become, as it were, everybody's property, and we are consequently disposed to assume for them a vague and general origin. But actually the conception of architecture as an art of manners was first definitely formulated by Mr. Trystan Edwards, and it is to him, and to him alone, that we all—whether we acknowledge our obligations or not—are indebted for what is in effect a new point of view. Prior to the publication of his book, "The Things which are Seen," the theoretic literature of architecture included no work which drew an analogy between the conventions of human society and the conventions of civilized building. The material existed abundantly enough for the comparison to be made. Eighteenth-century architecture in England, for example, illustrates very completely those rules of conduct which well-ordered buildings should observe. But the usages of the time were the result of an inherited sense of fitness; they were not followed out of deliberate regard for expressly-stated principles. It has remained for Mr. Edwards to be the first to formulate these principles, and so to do for architecture a service which is peculiarly valuable at the present time.

For an age of chaos has intervened between the twentieth and eighteenth centuries; during the greater part of a hundred years the civil society of buildings has been largely a "horrible scramble of parvenus"; and it has become extraordinarily important to discover and define laws that once were so implicit in traditional practice as to need no statement. It is true that there are people who think it vain and even ill-bred to treat manners as something that can be systematized, formally taught and learnt. Good behaviour in architecture, as in life, should, they contend, spring from the heart, and be a spontaneous expression of right feeling. But most of us, to be quite frank, will confess that neither as human beings nor as architects have we been from the outset equipped with such fine natural perceptions that we could afford to dispense with any sort of guidance, either in the mannerly conduct of our lives or in the polite practice of our art.

Thanks, no doubt, chiefly to the collapse of English architectural tradition, there are not many architects who can afford to rely on the infallibility of their own untutored instincts when it comes to building in an urban environment. The principles which Mr. Edwards formulates and supports by diagrammatic illustrations are precisely those which we most need to know, and observe to-day. He states the case for each so cogently that its validity could scarcely be challenged. What he has to say about civic values, the proper precedence of buildings according to type, sociability in architecture, and many other aspects of the art would, if it were generally acted upon, transform our cities from incoherent muddles into really significant expressions of civic consciousness. In the analysis of Regent Street as it was and as the thing it is unhappily becoming, Mr. Edwards finds material with which to point many of his arguments. It is, indeed, one of the conspicuous merits of the book that it is not simply a theoretic treatise maintained upon an abstract plane of generalizations, but deals with concrete instances, and makes good its claims by giving chapter and verse. The author makes by this work yet another contribution to the permanent literature of his art; and for it we owe to him a special debt. As was observed in a recent newspaper leader: "Our besetting danger is not that of theorizing and rationalizing and formalizing too much, but that of becoming or remaining sloppy impressionists who rather value ourselves on a hash of crude preferences and prejudices." In architecture, the consequences of that attitude we

know only too well. Every architect who reads Mr. Edwards's book will find himself upon the road that leads away from old confusions to a reasonable conception of civil building.

LIONEL B. BUDDEN.

Sober Sense.

The Touchstone of Architecture. By SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A., Litt.D. Oxford: At The Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

We architects owe Sir Reginald Blomfield a debt which is not always sufficiently acknowledged. In all his writings, in the "Mistress Art," and his two standard works on the architecture of the Renaissance in England and in France, and elsewhere, he has consistently made it his aim to write from the architect's point of view, from the point of view that is of a mind exercised in, and so sympathetic with, similar problems. When he began to write the mountains were still echoing with the eloquent but wrong-headed preachings of Ruskin, and he brought a trained brain and a vigorous pen to champion the theme that architecture should be judged by architects. Though a scholar he has eschewed pedantry, and though a forceful fighter he is, on paper at least, no dogmatist. The vision of the artist is "only seen afar off by the artist himself," and it takes the self-confidence of a journalist to be quite certain he is right and everyone else is wrong. The book now under review is a collection of papers and addresses written during the last ten or fifteen years. Some are in the main historical, such as the praise of famous men in his Gold Medal address in 1913, and the paper on Greek architecture; while the essay entitled "Atavism" is an inquiry into historical theory, suggesting a Celtic origin for that unexplained phenomenon, the sudden outflowering of Gothic architecture in the second half of the twelfth century. The critical articles include the paper on Wren which Sir Reginald contributed to these pages on the occasion of the bi-centenary celebrations, and a chapter on the bridges of London, in which he refers to Waterloo Bridge as "still the noblest monument of the men of 1815," though, as he says, not built for that purpose. We wonder how long that monument is to be allowed to perpetuate their great deeds. The present position and future prospects of the arts, painting and sculpture, as well as architecture, are considered in three chapters, the "Outlook of Architecture," the "Tangled Skein," and "Off the Track." No one who knows the author will expect to find him here advocating a new faith, or providing headlines for ephemeral scribes. Rather we have the sober and considered judgments of one who has always valued highly the "strong practical sense and freedom from affectation which has always been the best tradition of Englishmen," as he himself writes of Wren. Almost am I persuaded to quote against him in this connection his own sentence from the "Phædrus," and suggest that "common sense" gives more truly the meaning of *συνφρονούντος* than "commonplace." For the hysterical search for originality, the running after critics who are themselves always afraid of being left behind, he has little patience. "Where our critics go wrong is in demanding a new language when they ought to be demanding new ideas." There is no need to change our vocabulary. We shall do well enough if we can attain to the true classic, which "means clarity and simplicity, the elimination of the unessential, the absolute statement of the purpose of the design, including in that purpose the whole range of appeal to our imaginations and emotions." Whatever the architecture of the next twenty years will bring forth, this sane view is surely the right one. We must not be obstinately set against change, but still less must we be infected by the "Corybantic craze for novelty," and above all, we must not be bounced into it by the literary critics. For architecture is a greater thing than any momentary view can visualize. For all the artist knows, "the spirits of the mighty dead may be watching him, and far into the distant future stretch the ranks of the generations to come."

W. G. N.